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THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

THE new number of the *Quarterly Review* has an article under this head which well deserves perusal and attention. It is lively, pointed, and entertaining, and it endeavours to submit to the Conservative party a policy for their guidance which is evidently the result of much reflection. After a criticism of the financial, the Irish, and the foreign policy of the Government, which is always pungent, and sometimes just, it proceeds to consider what the Conservatives ought to do in the present position of affairs, and what ought to be the guiding principles of their conduct. Stated briefly, its conclusions come to this—that the Conservative party ought not to take office until they get a working majority. This sounds exceedingly simple and perfectly sensible, but the writer is well aware that it is not so simple as it sounds, and that there are many Conservatives who would own that it was very sensible, but who in the hour of trial would not act upon it. In order, therefore, to get to the bottom of things, the history of the party for forty years is examined, and it is boldly asserted that the Duke of WELLINGTON, Sir ROBERT PEEL, and Lord DERBY made a great mistake in consenting to carry Catholic Emancipation, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the second Reform Bill. Turning to the future, the writer indicates the course which the Conservative party should take with regard to many of the more prominent questions of the day. What especially recommends the article is the calmness with which it appreciates the chances of the party, and the firmness with which it damps the ambitious hopes of the leaders and guides of the Conservative reaction. The Ministry has made many blunders; it has attacked and alienated powerful classes; the crimes of the Commune have made revolutions and revolutionary policy odious to peace-loving Englishmen. But Ministerial blunders are soon forgotten; for, after all, whether it blunders or not, a Ministry must last until another can be formed to take its place. The present Government will be as much on its guard as possible against making new enemies on the eve of a general election; and the history of the Commune will gradually appear as but one incident in the blood-stained annals of France. The Conservatives are quite justified in thinking that they will win many seats at the next election; but there is no reason to suppose that, with Ireland and Scotland dead against them, they can win enough English seats to have a decisive majority in a new Parliament. What the Conservatives have to expect is, therefore, it is said—and the calculation seems to us thoroughly sound—a weakened Liberal Ministry with a nominal majority, but with a majority composed of very discordant sections. This is a state of things which a Conservative of the type of the writer in the *Quarterly* contemplates with reasonable alarm. The Government will be from day to day at the mercy of the Conservatives, and it will hardly be possible to persuade the Conservatives never to exercise their power. But the writer hopes that it may enable them to resist temptation if they will but notice how fatal to their interests similar weakness has been before, and what a miserable position they will again be in if they do not shrink from office when it is offered them prematurely.

In spite of all that the *Quarterly* says, it does not seem possible that any political party should be really conducted on the principles which the writer advocates. The Conservative party, as he frankly proclaims, has no programme, and does not want one. It simply resists all change. Who ever wanted to know the programme of the garrison of a beleaguered fortress? Its programme is simply to hold out as long as it can, and, as each point of the more distant works is carried, to retreat within an inner circle and go on fighting. The Conservatives are, in the same way, to resist all Liberal

measures, all measures for doing anything or altering anything. They are to use their powerful minority to make all measures whatever that are proposed by their opponents less noxious, all their measures being assumed to be noxious because they are proposed by their opponents. But then, are the Conservatives to be for ever out of office? The writer can only conceive one probable case in which they would have a chance of taking office with credit, and that is if there were from some powerful quarter a general attack on property of every kind. Then the classes possessing property would band together, and a triumphant Conservative Government might be formed. The theory that the existence of a proper Conservative Government is to depend on an unknown set of formidable people putting all property in danger, seems a *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy of making the Conservatives wait in entire inactivity, like the garrison of a fortress, taking no share in earnest political thought, and apart from the stream of political activity. It is in real life impossible to get Conservatives to behave in this tranquil way. They, like the Liberals, are Englishmen of the present day, and must think of the things of which every one is talking around them. Conservative candidates feel this, and know that Conservative electors feel it. They therefore announce that they are not opposed to sound and well-considered measures of reform, and this provokes a natural curiosity, and people ask what these measures are, or in other words, what the Conservative programme is. The stereotyped Conservative reply is, that when they are in office they will tell us. But if they are never going to take office until all property is attacked, what is the good of all their wisdom? The fact is, that individual Conservatives who are educated and intelligent men cannot help forming new opinions and preparing to see them carried out. A Liberal is supposed to have a host of crotchets ready to air, or he is shown to be unworthy of a party the maxim of which is the duty of perpetual advance and activity. In order to escape the reproach of being commonplace and reactionary, Liberals go in for anything that will attract attention. Mr. MASSEY, for example, is now the Liberal candidate at Tiverton, and he seeks to win a hearing by boldly proclaiming that, if a man as wise as he is were Chancellor of the Exchequer, the whole of the Income-tax might be taken off to-morrow without any detriment to the financial stability of the country. Until he reveals the secret of his discovery, we may take this as a mere piece of claptrap, devised to show that, while all Liberals are bound to be ingenious and original, he is really a most superior artist in the style. He also went in headlong for all kinds of agricultural changes, alterations in the Game-laws, tenant-rights, votes for day labourers, and so on. This is not a very attractive sort of political programme, for it has all the appearance of being simply an advertisement that the Liberal candidate is a very changing, novelty-loving kind of man. But it is of the Conservatives, not of the Liberals, that we are speaking. A Conservative may wonder that any one not a very ignorant busybody can possibly pronounce confidently an opinion on so many difficult questions without, to all appearance, having bestowed an hour's thought on any one of them. But still the ideas are started, and the Conservative learns that most of them are not started in Tiverton alone. He cannot say to himself that he will simply resist all change in the directions indicated, and he tries to satisfy himself what ought to be done, and why it ought to be done. He starts with a bias against violent change, but any one who examines honestly any political subject will soon see the difficulties of it, and will perceive that there are many problems which he once thought easy enough that are capable of being solved in a manner new to his habit of thinking.

The difficulty of acquiescing in the views of the *Quarterly* is even greater when we pass from the individual Conser-

vative of sense and keen political interests to the leaders of the party. The history of the Conservative party cannot be truly written if it is assumed that the Conservative leaders were men who were opposed to all change, and who only organized changes when in office because they were subject to some form of external pressure. The Tories thought the Duke threw them over on the subject of Catholic Emancipation; but this very number of the *Quarterly* contains an article on the Duke which adduces evidence to show that for four years his opinions had been changing on this head; and the writer of the article concludes by saying that, if the Tories had not been so foolish and obstinate, they might have enabled the Duke to carry a much better measure than was carried. This is a totally opposite view to that of holding that the Duke mistook the interests of the Tory party by consenting to carry measures which it exclusively belonged to his opponents to carry. Sir ROBERT PEEL is even a stronger instance. He believed honestly that the repeal of the Corn laws was necessary to the salvation of the country. He was willing and anxious that his opponents should carry it, but they could not. The country wished that Sir ROBERT PEEL should, if he had undergone so great a change of opinion, solemnly record that he had done so by carrying the Bill for the repeal. This was, no doubt, a great and unusual compliment to a statesman, but it is quite conceivable that, if the opinions of a leading statesman undergo a change, the nation may not wish him to go out of office, valuing highly his services in other directions, and satisfied of his honesty. This certainly was the opinion of the Duke of WELLINGTON, who in 1846 said that he thought it more important that Sir ROBERT PEEL should be at the head of the Government than that the Corn Laws should be maintained. Nor is it easy to see how political life could have any interest or savour in it to able men on the Conservative side if the advice of the *Quarterly* were followed. If, for example, on such subjects as law reform or the repression of drunkenness Conservatives were to accustom themselves to say that it was no use bothering them by asking their opinion, for they had no programme but to resist every proposal and stay out of office until property was universally attacked, they could have no pleasure in their life, none of their powers could be developed, no one would bestow the least notice on them, and the whole party would despise itself. But then if Conservatives take up such questions honestly, and feel the importance and difficulty of them, and can persuade themselves that they see the true solution of problems which the nation wishes to have solved, they must inevitably sooner or later turn their thoughts to office, and will be ready to run some risk in order to do, as they would think, good and honest service to their country. A party, even if it has not an actual majority, may be quite justified in taking office, provided that it sincerely thinks that, if it is allowed, it can do something for the national good, the credit of doing which will probably fortify its position. What is really to be wished is that the Conservatives would give some faint indication that something like this may be hoped from them when the Liberal majority has dwindled to a shadow.

THE INSURRECTION AT FERROL.

THE insurrection at Ferrol, though it appears to have been promptly suppressed, presents the worst type of political anarchy. The combination of factional rebellion with military mutiny is only possible in a thoroughly disorganized country. It would seem that two officers of secondary rank, belonging, or having formerly belonged, one to the army and one to the navy, seduced the men employed in the arsenal to rise against the constituted authorities. On this occasion the conspirators thought it expedient to assume the character of Republicans, in the confidence that if they succeeded they would have deserved well of the party. The Alfonsists, and the Moderates who acknowledge SAGASTA as their leader, include in their ranks the chief generals and admirals; and the Progressists are for the moment loyal to the Government which employs their services. The Carlists have at all times stood apart from the other contending factions; and on the whole a Republican profession of faith seemed to offer the fairest opening for treason. The rising was put down before it could be seen whether CASTELAR and the genuine Republicans would accept the aid of military mutineers, who in a well-governed community would be strictly prohibited from interference in politics. Spanish experience has during the present generation supplied numerous illustrations of the natural tendency of military insurrections. NARVAEZ, O'DONNELL, and PRIM, all in succession obtained supreme power by

leading mutinies of the army; and many inferior adventurers have been tempted by their success to follow their example. A Republic established by soldiers is at the mercy of its founders, who for the most part feel a profound indifference to forms of government and an unaffected contempt for liberty; yet it may be doubted whether any Spanish faction is sufficiently moderate and prudent to reject any opportunity which may arise for obtaining a triumph over its enemies. The Republicans have, in Spain as in France, always affected a kind of divine right which supersedes the duty of obeying the law or of submitting to the majority. As they are unable for the present to win over the country to their views, they would be acting in conformity with their professions if they were to acquire power by force; but their leaders were perhaps aware of the weakness and incapacity of the conspirators of Ferrol. BOJAS and MONTIJO are hitherto unknown to fame, and it may be assumed that they belong to the class of vulgar adventurers. Rebellion has long been recognized in Spain as the readiest mode of obtaining promotion, and an unusually long interval has passed since the latest insurrection. For some time after the Revolution of 1868, which was really undertaken under patriotic impulses, the army deferred to the political feeling of the community. One of PRIM's first measures after he became, in consequence of a successful mutiny, Minister and Commander-in-Chief was to impress on the officers and soldiers the duty of abstaining from interference with politics. The barren struggles of the last two years have produced a general feeling of weariness; and accordingly it is thought that the fortunes of Spain may again be determined by the sword. It seems that the Ministers have received information of an intended rising at Madrid, and the tone and language of ZORRILLA in addressing Congress indicated anxiety and alarm.

The success of former political mutinies has depended on the proportion of troops which could be induced to join in insurrection. It is the custom in Spain after a military revolution to give commissions to all sergeants and corporals who have shared in the movement, and to allow at least one step in rank to the officers who have been false to their colours. On the other side there is a probability that wholesale executions will follow defeat, and hesitating regiments are compelled to decide at short notice between the advantage and the risk. It appears that the troops in the neighbourhood of Ferrol refused to join in the insurrection, which collapsed the instant the Government began to take active measures against it. If the rising was connected with a general Republican conspiracy, its failure may not prevent similar movements from occurring in other parts of the kingdom; and it is already reported that Carlist bands were again threatening some districts in the Northern provinces. In the political complications of Spain it can never be confidently asserted that reciprocally hostile factions may not have entered into some common understanding for the public injury. During the late Carlist insurrection it was suspected that the Republicans were waiting to profit by any disaster which might befall the Government; and the Carlists are capable of having been privy to the Republican mutiny at Ferrol. The military force at the disposal of the Government is, in consequence of the demand for reinforcements in Cuba, scarcely sufficient for the maintenance of order; and the MINISTER OF WAR has not the reputation of possessing either ability or vigour. The KING possesses both courage and a certain amount of military experience; but it may be doubted whether his Ministers would consent to his assuming the command of the army in person. There might be much convenience in the direction of military movements by almost the only leader who would be incapable of betraying the cause of the Government. Probably the best thing which could happen to Spain would be the establishment, after the failure of successive party leaders, of a general conviction that the KING was better entitled to national confidence than his Ministers or generals. His prospects for the present are not encouraging, but he has less at stake than the community which allows factional politicians and conspirators incessantly to trifle with its welfare. If the experiment of the Italian dynasty fails, there can scarcely be a doubt that the conflict of parties will issue in civil war.

It is perhaps easy to be wise after the event; and yet the lessons of experience are not always unprofitable. The miserable and almost hopeless condition of Spain, as far as the fortunes of the country depend on political institutions, illustrates with remarkable clearness the mischief which follows from revolution. When nations dethrone their sovereigns, they sometimes seem to be merely exercising an act of justice on faithless or oppressive rulers, while they are

really inflicting punishment on themselves. Established Governments, whatever may be their faults, have the inestimable merit of commanding to a great extent the passive loyalty of voluntary submission. Their successors, unless they have the rare good fortune of exciting enthusiasm, are compelled either to rely on material force or to exist in a constant state of insecurity. ISABELLA II. had every public and private fault which could disgrace or disqualify the occupant of a throne, and her own title had been founded on revolution, and confirmed by civil war; but after many years her right to the Crown of Spain had become generally admitted, and intriguers and conspirators were in the habit of recognizing as permanent and unquestionable the single institution of royalty. The QUEEN herself, though she was faithless, superstitious, and disorderly in life, possessed the redeeming quality of being thoroughly Spanish in her prejudices and her habits. As long as she reigned, in the midst of political squabbles and military plots there was no dispute as to dynasties or forms of government. It is greatly to be regretted that she at last succeeded in wearing out the patience of her most respectable adherents. SERRANO and PRIM and their associates may be excused for thinking that it was a duty to relieve the nation from the presence of a discreditable Queen; but it is now evident that it would have been better to restrain her excesses under cover of some decorous fiction than to effect a revolution which has left the country without tradition or political faith. A Regency in the name of the QUEEN's son would perhaps have enabled the Monarchy to pass through the danger of a critical interregnum; and it was for a similar purpose that SERRANO and TOPETE were inclined to raise the Duke of MONTPESSIER to the throne. Unluckily PRIM was determined to have done with the dynasty of the BOURBONS, and it is possible that if he had lived he might have been able to establish the candidate of his selection firmly on the throne. In his time no Minister would have flattered popular delusions by congratulating the Cortes on the license by which all parties are allowed to propagate their own views of the claims of a Republic or of a Pretender. After a few years of unquestioned rule, King AMADEO might in turn have acquired a recognized position as chief of the nation. An incessant struggle with opponents who deny his title almost reduces a King to the level of the conspirators around him.

The temporary establishment of a nominal Republic in France might increase the probability of the success of a similar form of government in Spain, if the Republican party had not systematically identified itself with Jacobinism and Socialism. The administration of M. THIERS in some respects resembles the provisional state of affairs under PRIM, except that the Spanish Minister consistently affirmed the continuance of the Monarchy. A Republic in Spain could at present only be created or maintained by the efforts of an active and intolerant party which must in the first instance have prevailed by superior force or adroitness over rival factions. It would be almost impossible for a Republican Government to resist the demands of its partisans for a division of property; and assuredly there would be no question of that theoretical toleration which Señor MARTOS, on the part of the Crown, undertook to extend to adverse parties and dynasties. If GAMBETTA hereafter inherits the power of the actual PRESIDENT, he may perhaps prove both to France and to neighbouring nations that a Republic may be successfully administered by a Republican. In the meantime the alternative of Spain is between monarchy and civil war. It may indeed be contended with a certain show of reason that the Republicanism of aspiring colonels and navy captains will, whatever may be the other objections to which it is liable, not be subject to popular impulses. For soldiers who have raised themselves to the head of affairs, it matters little what name is given to a Government which, as long as it lasts, is necessarily absolute. It is not for the purpose of consulting the opinions of the community that the commandants of arsenals raise the standard of rebellion. One common peculiarity to all malcontent parties in Spain is an unfeigned contempt for the representatives of the nation.

THE EXPULSION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

RENCH politicians are as delighted as their neighbours if they can get hold of anything that is not totally dull and commonplace during the dead season, and possibly more has been said and written about the expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON than there would have been if anything else of the slightest interest furnished a topic for criticism. But, no doubt,

it was a very high-handed proceeding. The Prince has never been deprived of his rights as a French citizen by any legislative act. He is recognized by the Government as the duly elected member of the Council-General of a French department, he came provided with a proper passport, he has lately been several times in France without any intimation being given him that his presence was unwelcome. All of a sudden he is told to go out of the country, and, when he declines, force is used to make him go. M. THIERS justified what he had done by saying that the Assembly had decreed the fall of the Imperial dynasty, that this involved the loss of the rights of citizenship in every member of the Imperial family, and that this again involved the right of the Government to turn out of France at its pleasure every member of the Imperial family. No one, and least of all M. THIERS himself, could have been deceived by such transparent fallacies. There was no use in attempting to bring a flagrant breach of the law within the scope of legal maxims. The head of the State chose to do an illegal act because in his opinion the interests of the State required that he should do it. M. THIERS talked vaguely as if he had detected some conspiracy in which the Prince was engaged; but he never thought of giving, and no one thought of asking him to give, any proofs of this conspiracy. He chose to do a despotic act, and his motives slept in his own breast. As during the Empire M. THIERS was always one of the foremost to inveigh against departures from the letter of the law for political reasons, he exposed himself to the charge of inconsistency; but then in those days M. THIERS was the head of the Opposition and now he is head of the Government, and this makes all the difference. If there is a Frenchman living who, possessed of the power of M. THIERS, would not push it on extreme occasions beyond the bounds of the law, he has not as yet made himself known to fame. Logically and legally there is nothing to be said in defence of turning out of France a French citizen provided with a passport, a member of a Council-General, and against whom no crime is proved, or even definite accusation made. But there is nothing very wonderful in a Government like that of M. THIERS saying virtually to a man in the position of Prince NAPOLEON that it does not mind his being a member of the Council-General of Corsica, where he can do no harm, or his coming now and then into France so long as it does not think he will give any trouble, but that if he comes into France and seems likely to give trouble, it will, law or no law, bid him take himself off.

It would of course be much better if personal liberty were protected in France, or in other Continental States, by as many safeguards as secure it in England. But how very different is the habitual mode of regarding the sphere of Government which prevails on the Continent from that which prevails in England, has lately been brought home to us by the language used by the foreign Arbitrators at Geneva. They thought it incontestable that a Government was not only entitled, but bound, to combat by an elaborate system of police supervision, and by a supersession of municipal law, every attempt to involve a nation in international difficulties. They would not listen to the plea that an English Government, according to English law, has no right to pry into the secrets of traders, or to confiscate property without evidence. They seem to have asked themselves only one question—whether, if a Continental Government had been sincerely desirous to avoid giving offence to the United States, it would not have somehow managed, with its spies and its bullying and its unlimited power of arrest, to have seen that the United States should have nothing to complain of. The expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON is a very natural and a very mild exercise of the powers which the Arbitrators assumed that every decent Government ought to possess and exercise. It is extremely improbable that any large number of Frenchmen object to it, or think it anything but the most natural step for the Government to take. The Government is more likely to be secretly admired than openly blamed for showing that it dares to act like other Governments which have been admired in their day. If M. THIERS has committed a political blunder at all, it is not because he has set the law aside to rid himself of a political enemy, but because he has thus invested with importance an enemy who might otherwise have been insignificant. He has attracted attention to the fact that he thinks, and a great many other persons competent to judge think, that, in spite of Sedan, the Empire is still a power, and that Imperialism is the force which the infant Republic has really to dread. At any rate, the leading Republican journals have taken the opportunity of the expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON to

reveal how much they dread the Empire. They are all loud in their approbation of the step taken by M. THIERS. They do not pretend to care in the least for the infraction of the law. They see their enemy drawing near, and they cling to any one who will smite him. They think it is the natural order of things that a NAPOLEON should be at once hunted out of the precincts of the Republic. They not only believe that when the Prince and his wife come to put their son at school near Paris something very dangerous is hidden under this innocent purpose, but they own that NAPOLEONS who come near Paris to put their sons to school are very formidable creatures, and must be hunted out of the country at once if the Republic is to last. The Republicans are not afraid of the Legitimists or of the Orleanists, but they are afraid of the Imperialists. This may seem strange if it is recollected how universal the feeling was against the EMPEROR when the present Assembly first met, how persistent has been the display of this feeling on every occasion which has offered itself to the Assembly, how strong has been the whole current of writing and talking against the Empire during the last two years, and how miserably M. ROUHER and other Imperialists who have attempted to stem this current have failed. But there is every reason to believe that the Republicans are quite right, and that the struggle for ascendancy, when the interregnum of M. THIERS is over, will be between the partisans of GAMBETTA and the partisans of the Empire.

Imperialism in France must not be too closely connected with the EMPEROR or his family. The EMPEROR is growing old, his heir is a meek cadet, his wife showed her political capacity by taking up the Prussian war as a religious quarrel, and sending her husband to his doom at Sedan. Prince NAPOLEON has few friends and no admirers. So long as he lives, the EMPEROR is a formidable adversary, for he is clever, he can wait, he has been a conspirator from his cradle, and he has a great name, and has done great things in his day. But the strength which Imperialism borrows from a man of his time of life cannot last, and the very weakest part of Imperialism is that it is connected, externally at least, with the EMPEROR's family, and the EMPEROR's family is a very discouraging family for Imperialists. What makes Imperialism formidable to the Republicans is that it is the embodiment of a mode of thinking and feeling which has a very great hold over the majority of Frenchmen. Imperialism is the expression of the love of official life, and the habit of submitting to official interference; of the taste for brisk trade, splendour, and fêtes; of the desire to be thought well of abroad, and to be courted by foreign princes and written up by foreign critics. It means to the officers of the army the hope of employment, the delights of grand uniforms and grand reviews, the liberty to swagger and to treat civilians as dust. It means to ecclesiastics the chance of making good bargains with the State, and to laymen the satisfaction of blighting the feelings which give rise to pilgrimages and new miracles and the invention of half-sacred liqueurs. It means to speculators dreams of constant activity and gigantic jobs, with an avoidance of dangerous panics. Paris, which is now half empty, and is desolate in the midst of its ruins, cheered only by the assurance of Republican poets that it is the eye and centre of the universe, looks fondly back to the days when its HAUSSMANN was in his glory, when every room was occupied, and the world came to admire and to help to pay for the highest development of luxury and splendour. The Communists hated the Empire much, but they hate the Republic more; for the EMPEROR at least gave them bread, and when he wanted to thin them, made short work of the process; while the Republican Government perpetually rekindles irritation by the slow vengeance of Satory. The peasants will perhaps hold to the Republic if it protects them from a civil war; but if it does not, something like the Empire will seem better to them. Literature, which was going to turn moral and edifying, and worthy of a glorious Republican era, is plainly unequal to the task as yet, and only differs from what it was under the Empire by being somewhat duller. Imperialism may not unjustly be said to represent much of what is ignoble in France, and Republicanism much of what is noble; but when we look at the interests, and hopes, and memories that are associated with the Empire, and at the powerful classes that must desire its restoration, and consider in how many respects it is in harmony with the French character, we can scarcely wonder that nervous Republicans regard Imperialism with an apprehension feverish enough to make them see danger even in Prince NAPOLEON.

MR. BUTT AGAIN.

A POLITICAL sceptic might suspect that Mr. Butt's occasional newspaper controversies imply a consciousness of the unreality of the Home Rule agitation. It is difficult to understand why a patriot who in one column of the *Times* is reported as declaiming against English usurpation should occupy the next column with a discussion of the claims of Irish boroughs to additional representation in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. BUTT assures an Irish audience that the advocates of Home Rule will be neither corrupted nor terrified; and his speeches generally terminate with a covert threat of the fearful consequences which must ensue if his demands are rejected. If he really expects to succeed in throwing off the English yoke, he and his associates will be perfectly welcome, as far as Englishmen are concerned, to establish despotism, universal suffrage, or the direct and irresponsible government of the POPE and Cardinal CULLEN. It is true that Mr. BUTT, with a prudent desire to conciliate the support of transparent simpletons, always assumes that for certain purposes a common Parliament will regulate the affairs of a Kingdom which is still in some sense to be united; but whatever may be the case with the politicians whom he addresses, the leader of the Home Rule movement is not a blind fanatic. It is impossible that he should not be aware that Irishmen who even now defy the law and the authority of the Government and of Parliament would be, with better reason and with greater ease, absolutely unmanageable if they had a Parliament of their own. The functions of the proposed joint Parliament would, even on Mr. BUTT's avowed theory, be so closely limited that it could matter nothing whether the Irish members were returned by boroughs, by counties, or by any possible combination of constituencies. The controversy about the franchise and the distribution of Irish seats would be perfectly idle if it were prosecuted in earnest. It is only at the dullest season of the year that a journalist in want of topics would think it worth while to encourage so purposeless a dispute. Nevertheless it may always be assumed that an adversary has some motive of his own for using arguments which at first sight seem irrelevant to his main contention, and it may perhaps suit Mr. BUTT's object to accustom English readers to think that his policy lies within the bounds of the Constitution. When ordinary reformers propose plans for throwing electoral power yet more completely into the hands of the multitude, it is well known that, although their proposals may be mischievous, the agitators themselves have no intention of rebelling, or, in Mr. BUTT's phrase, of taking counsel with true and earnest men. Careless readers may perhaps assume that a correspondent of the *Times* who recapitulates dull statistics of population can have no revolutionary intentions.

If, as may be hoped, the disruption of the monarchy is to be indefinitely postponed, there is no reason why any constitutional anomalies which may exist in Ireland should not be corrected. In general it may be admitted that it would be difficult to deteriorate the representation, except in some of the most enlightened districts. It is immaterial whether priests and Fenians return members in the name of boroughs or of counties. In either case zealous patriots will demand subsidies for Irish fisheries, and in the intervals of business they will, like Mr. BUTT, accuse their supposed allies of betraying the common cause. It would seem that in an agricultural country, thinly sprinkled with petty towns, the rural districts must, as the fact is in Ireland, contain a majority of the population. If the seats in the United Kingdom were redistributed on strictly statistical principles, the number of Irish members would perhaps be diminished, and a similar process applied to Ireland would give the counties an additional advantage over the towns. With the exception of five or six towns, there is scarcely an Irish borough which would not, if it were situated in Great Britain, be in danger of disfranchisement; and although English tyranny may perhaps be responsible for the scantiness of the urban population, the grievance could not, even under Home Rule, be summarily redressed. The only practical change which Mr. BUTT proposes is the substitution of household suffrage for a 4*l.* rating franchise; and the admirers of Mr. DISRAELI and the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely deny that the principles advocated by their respective leaders are as applicable to Ireland as to England. Any heretics who may still regret the transfer of power from the middle class to the mass of the population will probably hold that a 4*l.* voter will on the average be somewhat less incompetent than his still poorer neighbours; but if Mr. BUTT redeems his pledge of introducing in the next Session an Irish Reform Bill on the English model, he will perhaps not encounter any resolute

opposition. The disqualified non-electors of Irish boroughs is no other than the well-known compound householder, whose wrongs a few years ago occupied so large a place in Mr. GLADSTONE'S imagination. The compound householder and the illiterate voter, who are probably often the same person, are the favourites of English legislation, and their Irish brethren may perhaps be equally entitled to attention. With household suffrage Mr. BUTT undertakes to produce a respectable number of borough voters, though he will still be compelled to assign to them a larger share of electoral power than that which is enjoyed by the corresponding number of electors in England. The object, such as it is, will be attained, not merely by the enlargement of the franchise, but by a simultaneous extension of the boundaries of boroughs into suburban districts. It may be presumed that the outskirts of small towns in Ireland, as in other countries, contain little outlying populations; but the whole matter is utterly insignificant, and it probably interests equally Mr. BUTT and his languid English critics.

In projects for altering the electoral system, the incidental object of securing upright and intelligent representatives is uniformly neglected. To a modern reformer the allegation of a statistical anomaly or inequality seems equivalent to the suggestion of a practical grievance. Mr. BUTT, who probably cares little or nothing for the distribution of Irish seats, is justified in the belief that he appeals to a common English prejudice. If he were greatly interested in the state of the Irish representation, he would perhaps be satisfied by the triumph which his party has achieved in the adoption of the Ballot. The influence of property in Ireland had already been greatly impaired, and with the introduction of secret voting it may be expected wholly to disappear. Two or three years ago the Government, at the instigation of Irish Liberal members, refused to increase the number of polling-places in Ireland, under the apprehension that additional facilities for voting might interfere with the patriotic violence of mobs. With the security of the Ballot against the dictation of landlords, it has been thought safe to diminish the opportunities of riot. The struggle will now be conducted between the priests and the demagogues, except when, as in Galway, the two rival sets of agitators arrive at a friendly understanding. It is extremely doubtful whether any increase of borough constituencies, or any transfer of seats from counties to towns, would materially affect the character of the next general election. The representative or constitutional government of Ireland has always been conducted under serious difficulties; and probably its maintenance has only been rendered possible by the union with a country in which Parliamentary institutions were natural and indigenous. The old Irish Parliament was managed by a system of corruption which could not be conveniently revived; and, as soon as it attained a temporary independence, it became necessary to suppress it. In the last century all classes of Irishmen shared in the disaffection to England which occasionally prevailed. In the present day the Roman Catholic landowners are, as a body, thoroughly loyal to the Imperial Government, and altogether opposed to Mr. BUTT.

The Home Rule agitation is promoted in London by an Association which is adorned by the participation of Mr. REARDEN, who lately published a furious pamphlet in favour of Irish independence. It is not probable that the cause of Home Rule would be greatly advanced by harangues addressed in Clerkenwell and similar places to Irish assemblies; but it might have been supposed that, in the absence of Saxon intruders, orators having everything their own way might contrive to preserve internal harmony. Unfortunately, while Mr. BUTT complains that Irish Home Rule members have a private understanding with the Government, his London allies also display the inveterate and reciprocal distrust which seems always to divide Irish patriots. At a late meeting of the Home Rule Association, the chairman, the secretary, and the other principal members accused one another of treacherously betraying the secrets of the body to the authorities at Scotland Yard. It is impossible to form an opinion as to the justice of the charges, though it is well known that Irish conspiracies are seldom enveloped in impenetrable secrecy for want of informers. The remarkable part of the disclosure is the voluntary and general admission that the Home Rule Association had secrets which it was essential to keep from the knowledge of the police. If Mr. BUTT may be trusted, the leaders of the movement are in the highest degree loyal to the Crown; and, in the first instance at least, they profess to pursue their designs by strictly constitutional methods. It was not even suspected that the ostensible organization covered the existence of a

secret society or a conspiracy such as that which is confessed, and probably imagined, by the quarrelsome patriots in London. If the agitation is confined to foolish speeches in pot-houses, the police will not interfere; and any curiosity which they may feel will be gratified without the exercise of special ingenuity. In all probability the London brawlers were as innocent of treasonable practices as Mr. BUTT; but they wished to have the pleasure of pretending to do wrong, and they naturally suspected that, if there was anything to betray, their confidential friends would be ready traitors. It seems that henceforth there will be two hostile Home Rule Associations, as there are two International Societies. In both cases it may be hoped that the rival bodies will find sufficient amusement in denouncing one another, instead of meddling with serious politics. The unanimity of the Irish Government of the future is admirably illustrated by the habitual practice of its would-be founders.

AMERICA.

THE elections in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and, notwithstanding the appointment of a Democratic Governor, in Indiana, have practically decided the Presidential contest which will be formally determined on Monday fortnight. For some time past it has become evident that the Liberal secession was not considerable enough materially to weaken the Republican party. From the first no intelligible meaning or principle was involved in the candidature of Mr. GREELEY. The more respectable promoters of the Cincinnati Convention disapproved on serious grounds of the administration of the actual PRESIDENT. General GRANT had continued the system of corruption which dates from the days of General JACKSON; he was surrounded in public and in private by lax and discreditable associates, and he had allowed some disreputable members of his family to profit by his patronage at the public expense. The Republican party was more responsible than the PRESIDENT for vicious economic legislation; but it was perfectly legitimate to denounce a candidate whose supporters afterwards pledged themselves to the maintenance of a strictly protective policy. It is probable that, if the Convention had selected as its nominee a statesman, and had adopted sound and intelligible principles, an important section of the Republican party would have concurred in an attempt to reform political and administrative abuses; and, with the aid of the Democrats, it might even have been possible to elect the Liberal candidate. But the professional managers at Cincinnati, as elsewhere, succeeded in controlling the nomination. The majority of the delegates, although some of them may have sympathized with the laudable purpose of the Liberal movement, profoundly, and perhaps justly, distrusted the wisdom and honesty of the constituency. It seemed to them that the best method of defeating GRANT was to oppose to him a candidate who would not alarm the people by moral or intellectual superiority. The professed advocates of reform selected in Mr. GREELEY the bigoted advocate of all traditional abuses, the companion and ally of political intriguers of the lowest order, and the ignorant and intolerant devotee of commercial exclusion. In one respect their foresight was justified by the unexpected readiness of their nominee to surrender his favourite doctrines. Mr. GREELEY had been supposed by friends and enemies to be a fanatic; and he has since proved himself the most pliant of converts. Having always rudely accused American free-traders of being "bribed with British gold," Mr. GREELEY now announced his readiness to remit fiscal legislation to the people and to Congress. The lifelong opponent of the Democrats, he intimated his willingness, if he were elected as President, to give them a share of office proportioned to their influence on the result. After the nomination of Mr. GREELEY, although General GRANT's shortcomings were as conspicuous as before, there was no reason why any conscientious and patriotic Republican should separate himself from the mass of his party. The friends of General GRANT have, to their own great satisfaction, proved, or endeavoured to prove, that two prominent supporters of Mr. GREELEY have been guilty of political corruption or private fraud. One of them, according to the *New York Times*, obtained a contract for an accomplice on condition that he should share the profits; another had the misfortune in his youth of being arrested for embezzlement, and in his maturer years committed arson to defraud an Insurance Company. A third conspicuous public personage, if the *New York Tribune* may be trusted, made a million of dollars by selling his influence to promoters

of private Bills. The institutions of the United States in their practical operation are perhaps libelled by their professed admirers and eulogists. It never occurs to party journalists in the United States that the presence of jobbers and swindlers in the highest political ranks throws any doubt on the excellence of the national system of government, or any slur on the honour of the country. It is enough that a hostile candidate is discredited by the exposure of the misdeeds of his supporters. If one set of political adventurers is as bad as the other, there seems to be no reason for a disruption of the party.

To foreigners who sincerely disclaim the pretension of fully understanding American motives and actions, the strongest recommendation of General GRANT is that he is beyond comparison more personally eminent than his rival. No political miscarriage can affect his military reputation, and if a President is not to be chosen for his capacity, it is well to pay a tribute to his fame. It happens that, with the exception of two or three other successful soldiers, of one diplomatist of great merit and high character, and of an eminent economist and statistician, no other living American is remarkably distinguished. The habitual preference of constituencies for mediocrity, and the distaste of the more refined classes for the degrading machinery of elections, has produced a dead level, not of incapacity, but of vulgar commonplace. The popular sentiment of equality is gratified by the absence of genius and greatness; but the natural admiration of mankind for military ability is not extinct even in the United States. General GRANT is in one great department the first man among his countrymen, and no one else, except perhaps Mr. ADAMS and Mr. DAVID WELLS, has any recognized claim to be first in anything. There are many clever lawyers, and many voluble speakers, but among hundreds of politicians none are conspicuously better than the rest. The regular Republican party have produced no candidate whose name is known throughout the world, while their adversaries, in accordance with the traditions of thirty or forty years, deliberately choose Mr. GREELEY for his demerits.

It is possible that, if Mr. GREELEY had been elected, he might have adopted the contrivance for supplying his own defects which has in some instances been sanctioned by American custom. The recent death of Mr. SEWARD recalls his candidature in 1860, and the preference which was given to Mr. LINCOLN almost entirely on the ground of his obscurity. In the result the rough provincial lawyer, of whom it was thought that no one could be jealous, proved himself a happy accident. Mr. LINCOLN was perhaps more resolute, as he was simpler and more straightforward, than his rival, and he was in some respects a more perfect representative of popular feeling. Either under the influence of his own good sense, or in pursuance of a party arrangement, Mr. LINCOLN on his accession to office appointed Mr. SEWARD to the high post of Secretary of State; and both the President and his Minister were too loyal to allow the outside world to know whether the policy of the Government was determined by its nominal chief or by his principal adviser. To the diplomatic business with which he was more immediately concerned Mr. SEWARD had only served apprenticeship as a Senator; but his career as an administrator and as a political orator and leader had been unusually conspicuous. He served with credit the office of Governor of New York at a time when the corruption of the capital had not, as in later times, spread itself over the State; and he was one of the first and most effective assailants of the system of slavery. It happened that he was the author of two happy rhetorical phrases which were adopted either in earnestness or in irony by both parties in the controversy. It was Mr. SEWARD who ventured on the paradox that there was a higher law than the semi-divine Constitution; and he also described the struggle which afterwards issued in the Civil War as an irrepressible conflict. It was admitted on all hands that he was the most distinguished member of the Republican party; but the election managers calculated that he must have offended a certain proportion of voters, while Mr. LINCOLN was scarcely known beyond the limits of his own State. At that time the Republicans were in a minority, although, as the event proved, they were justified in expecting success through the divisions of their opponents; and it was thought indispensable not to throw away a chance of victory. Mr. LINCOLN was so ignorant of public affairs that he must, at the commencement of his Presidential career, have relied greatly on his experienced Secretary of State. Mr. SEWARD, like many other American statesmen, was incapable of using plain language when he could express his meaning in figurative or exaggerated terms; and it is difficult to judge whether he

deceived himself by the pretence of treating the secession of a fourth part of the Union as a petty disturbance. Again and again he announced that the rebellion would be suppressed within ninety days; and in some public documents he affected not even to understand that any serious political commotion had occurred. His voluminous diplomatic compositions were diffuse, eloquent, and often ingenious in reasoning; but, at a time when it was of vital importance to conciliate the good will of foreign States, Mr. SEWARD always seemed to be exclusively bent on gratifying the national vanity of his own countrymen. A certain obtuseness of perception probably blinded him to the mischievous impression which he produced by his disregard of the susceptibilities of foreigners. Some time before the war, during the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the United States, Mr. SEWARD had the bad taste at a public dinner to anticipate, in the presence of an English Cabinet Minister, the future annexation of Canada to the United States. When the insolent assumption was properly rebuked by the Duke of NEWCASTLE, Mr. SEWARD explained that he had spoken in jest. Immediately after the secession, and before any pretext of offence had been furnished by England, the Secretary of State, in rejecting an unreasonable suggestion of an arbitration, added the gratuitous declaration that the President would least of all consent to the arbitration of a European monarchy—meaning England. It is certain that during the early part of the war the American Government was even excessively solicitous to prevent the English interference on which the Confederates had in mistaken confidence relied; yet from first to last Mr. SEWARD never deviated into the language of courtesy. It is probable that he shared the ignorant antipathy to England which is fostered by American education; but a statesman ought to know how to repress in the interest of his country his personal dislikes. Mr. SEWARD had the good sense, after some hesitation, to repudiate the lawless outrage which had been perpetrated on an English packet by a wrong-headed American officer; but, although he wisely shrank from going to war in an unjust cause, he could not abstain from gratifying his ill-humour by explaining in an elaborate despatch that his Government would not have hesitated to violate the law of nations if it had been deemed worth while. The English flag had been insulted for the sake of seizing the persons of two Confederate agents; but Mr. SEWARD pretended that he would not insist on retaining the captives, because, as he said, Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL were insignificant persons. It would be a grave mistake to suppose that Mr. SEWARD's discourteous bearing was exclusively provoked by hostility to England. Soon after the outbreak of the war he addressed to the Austrian Government the singular argument that the collapse of the American Government would render intolerable the oppression which, as he delicately intimated, was practised throughout Europe, and more especially in Austria. Overwhelming superiority of numbers and resources determined the fate of the contest in accordance with Mr. SEWARD's consistent prophecies; but it may be confidently stated that he at no time obviated a danger by securing the friendship or neutrality of any independent Power. If it had been on other grounds the policy of England to favour the cause of the Confederacy, Mr. SEWARD's blustering violence would have furnished plausible pretext for interference. In quiet times he would probably have been a successful administrator and a useful counsellor to the President. For the same reasons which recommended Mr. SEWARD to Mr. LINCOLN, it was surmised after the recent Cincinnati Convention that Mr. GREELEY might probably invite Mr. ADAMS to take office as Secretary of State.

CONTINENTAL ARMIES.

THE armies of the great Continental States affect the lives and fortunes of the nations to which they belong in so many ways that they are always presenting some new element of discussion. From very different points of view the armies of Germany, of Austria, and of France have this week been made the subjects of comment. The first point that a huge army suggests is that which has attracted attention in Austria—namely, its cost. The Austrian Ministry, having fixed the effective of the field army at 800,000 men, calculates that it must have a peace effective of a quarter of a million, and that in order that this force may be fit for its work, the recruits must be kept three years with the colours. In order to get at what it wants, it has had to ask for nearly thirty thousand more men, and an additional expenditure of 370,000*l.* The EMPEROR is known to regard the question of this increase

of the army with the most extreme anxiety, and lately Count ANDRASSY, to animate the zeal of those with whom he had to deal, informed them that, in spite of the great peace meeting at Berlin, he would not venture to answer for the continuance of peace even to the end of the present year. The AUERSPERG Ministry, however, depends mainly for its existence on the support of the German Constitutional party, and the leaders of this party have been throughout all the discussions on the subject most violently opposed to the Ministerial proposal. The decision lay with the delegations of the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments assembled at Pesth; and by the personal intervention of the brother of the PRIME MINISTER, by the resolute use of that pressure which a Ministry willing to stake its existence on a vote can use, and by the aid of many members opposed in general politics to the Ministry, success was attained, and Austria is to have thirty thousand more soldiers, and to spend another 370,000*l.* in securing peace by making ready for war. It was the financial difficulty that most weighed with the opponents of the vote. When, four years ago, the new army organization was established, its cost was estimated at a little less than seven millions sterling. With the addition now made its cost will be nine millions. As a former Minister of Finance said, Austria, financially speaking, is rather convalescent than healthy, and its credit is very far from established at present. A little check, a slight suspicion thrown on its trembling reputation, and there might be a lamentable crisis. It is a most serious thing for a nation in such a position that it should have to pay two millions a year more for its army than it expected to pay. If war comes, it may be better to fight with thirty thousand men less and sound finances rather than with thirty thousand men more and tottering credit. Of course the Ministerial speakers asserted that the limit of expenditure had now been reached. This was positively the last demand that would be made, and it is difficult to resist the argument that a nation must indeed be foolish which will give over eight millions and half sterling to have an army that cannot be relied on to do what is wanted, and will not give nine millions to have an army in every respect satisfactory. It is exactly such arguments that assemblies entrusted with the control of expenditure and bent on economy are powerless to resist. But who can believe that the great gulf of military expenditure will ever really be filled up? Germany is just going to buy three million rifles of a new pattern, and, with the French indemnity to help it, it can afford such an expensive luxury. But if the new German gun is much better than the Austrian gun, what, it will be said, is the good of an army costing nine millions, that has not got the right gun? and thus Austria must somehow go beyond its nine millions of expenditure, or feel itself insecure.

In France the pecuniary difficulty is not so much felt. The French are no doubt very wealthy, and can afford an expensive army, and even if the eighteen millions which their army costs them is a heavy burden to them, yet it is only one of so many very heavy burdens that it does not depress their spirits. Perhaps the consolation they derive from thinking that the famous French army which has so often dictated to Europe is once more to be revived may give them a store of comfort which may be useful in enabling them to bear with fortitude the general pressure of taxation. But, although the French like their army, although the officers of the French army are a very considerable power in the State, and although statesmen like M. THIERS are determined to have a very large army as the first necessity of France, yet, if anything can be known of the feelings of the poor of a foreign country, it may be confidently said of the French poor that they hate serving in the army. The Prince of JOINVILLE has been delivering a speech at Langres, at the "inauguration" of a monument in memory of the Mobile Guards who fell in the late war. He contrasted the old days, when statues were exclusively erected to great generals, with the present times, when private soldiers have statues erected to them; and he even expressed a wish that when the Vendôme Column is put again in its place, the statue of a common soldier should be put on its top instead of that of NAPOLEON. It was the business of the Prince to praise the conduct of the soldiers, and especially of the young soldiers, in the last war; and it was easy and just to do this if only the battles where young French soldiers fought well were remembered, and those where they ran away in shoals were forgotten. But when the Prince spoke of the dash and courage and disinterestedness with which recruits leave their homes and friends and all dear to them, to confront danger, some of his

audience must have thought of the other side of the picture—of the frightful sacrifice of life and family existence which this rushing to danger involves, and of the bitter detestation with which the French peasant regards the conscription. Compulsory and universal military service has only been established nominally in France, and the exasperating sight of the happy ones whom luck and favour exempt will still offend the eyes of those who have to serve. No rhetoric, no statues at the top of columns, no ceremonies of "inauguration" can hide how melancholy is the fate of many private soldiers when they are forced to attach themselves to a military career. Armies must be had, and statesmen must decide how armies are to be raised and used, but the pity, and even horror, which is excited by the thought of the widely diffused suffering caused by the employment of hundreds of thousands of men in war at the caprice of an Emperor, or to secure political objects, ought never to be allowed to die away.

The enormous waste of national resources through military preparations, which are now made on a scale totally disproportionate to the means of poor countries like Austria, and the social misery caused by the conscription in countries like France, indicate the bad side of the great armies of the Continent. But it is seldom that in human institutions anything is wholly bad; and great armies, no doubt, do some good beyond that of fulfilling their primary object, and enabling the nations that support them to defeat their enemies. A leading Prussian paper has seized on the occasion of the final option in Lorraine and Alsace to dilate on the rapidity with which the inhabitants of the ceded provinces will be made German through serving in the German army. It was, indeed, the dread of the German compulsory service that determined many of those who left their provinces to forsake their homes, and thousands of Germans fly every year to America in order to escape a service which they fear and hate. Naturally enough the French papers, replying to their German rival, deride the notion of men who love France as the Alsations love it being converted into lovers of Germany by being made to serve against their will in a foreign army. Still the German writer is probably right in what he says. The common interests of a great military service are a very effectual instrument in binding together different parts of a State. The Alsations start speaking German, or a dialect that may easily become German, and by serving in the German army they will get to know Germany. They will learn German habits, remember German towns, become accustomed to the expression of German views. It has always been handed down as a masterpiece of the statesmanship of PITT that he converted disaffected Highlanders into good and loyal English soldiers, and the Alsations can scarcely be more disaffected to Germany than the Highlanders were to England after the rising of 1745. If there were a new war with France at once, the Alsations might no doubt resent bitterly being made to fight against their friends, and would be stung by the terror of the thought that their brethren might be serving in the French army, and that they were doomed to fratricide by inexorable fate. But if years pass by without another war with France, the memory of the days when Alsace was French will die away, and the chance of brothers fighting brothers will cease to cause alarm. If the Alsations were oppressed or treated worse than Germans generally, the alienation they now feel might continue. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that they will be worse treated, or will have more to complain of, than was their lot while they were French. They will probably make more money, and be made more of, and be in every way better off than if they had remained French. They have indeed been made German against their will, and this to their honour has been a very bitter process to them; but the natural tendency of things, if peace is preserved, will be to make them every year more reconciled to their lot. And no more powerful agent in effecting this reconciliation could be devised than that of compelling Alsations to share the toils, the discipline, and the interests of soldiers in every part of Germany, and of thus making everything German seem to them first familiar, then natural, and lastly, perhaps, precious.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN GERMANY.

THE Congress of political economists which lately met at Eisenach was intended by its promoters to reject or to remodel the principles of political economy. The Professors who arranged the meeting and commenced the proceedings confessed with German candour that they were not themselves practically familiar with industrial questions; but they shared

the alarm which has been caused in many quarters by the dissensions between capitalists and labourers, and they thought it possible to devise some middle course between free competition and socialistic despotism. The majority of the Congress seems to have exhibited admirable good sense; and the innovators themselves deserve credit for the temperance of their language, and for the well-meant, though illogical, moderation of their proposals. Professor SCHMOLLER declared that strikes were a necessary consequence of the abolition of guilds; and he might have added that Trade Unions reproduce in a different form some of the principal characteristics of mediæval trade societies. Although the master has no place in the modern guild, the Unions devote themselves to the limitation of the numbers of workmen, for the ancient purpose of securing the profits of monopoly. It is not perhaps an improvement that a corporate censorship over the quality of the work is no longer exercised. As the discussion proceeded it became, as might have been expected, clear that economical theorists must choose between two incompatible principles. Professor GNEIST provoked some clamour from the minority by avowing his belief in the laws of property as discovered and expounded by ADAM SMITH; but there is in fact no tenable position to be occupied between the doctrines of ADAM SMITH and the regulated Socialism of LOUIS BLANC. Professor SCHMOLLER indeed suggested that the functions of Governments had been radically modified by the modern changes which give private citizens a share in the control of public affairs; but the fundamental objection to the officious interference of Governments with trade has nothing to do with despotism or with liberty. It is not improbable that an absolute monarch would be juster and more impartial than a Parliament which is necessarily biased by the private interests of constituencies, if not of members. The Emperor of the FRENCH made the Commercial Treaty against the wish of the Legislature, and an Emperor of North America, if such a potentate may be regarded as conceivable, would scarcely maintain the perverse tariff which, having been framed by successive Congresses, is formally approved by the Philadelphia Convention. The assumption of ADAM SMITH that men know their own interests best is wholly unaffected by political or constitutional questions.

In his first speech Professor SCHMOLLER prudently confined himself to safe generalities which were afterwards embodied in the harmless resolutions of the Congress. It was the opinion of the speaker and of the meeting that the protection given by the German factory laws to women and children might be beneficially extended, although Professor BRENTANO was hooted down when he intimated that restrictions should be placed on the employment of both in domestic labour. Thrifty Germans, though they are tolerant of theories, have no notion of letting their wives and children live in idleness; nor would it be easy to induce wives and daughters to avail themselves of any legal exemption. The Manchester school of economists, when they formerly opposed factory laws, misapplied their own sound principles. The extent to which the more helpless portions of the community require protection can only be determined by local and practical knowledge and experience. The English law, which leaves adult males to protect themselves, apparently meets with the approval of German economists. The Congress also recognized, not perhaps with entire good will, the lawfulness of Trade Unions and of strikes. The freedom of industry implies the right of voluntary combination, as of personal and independent action; and genuine economists, as far as they disapprove of Unions, only object to the compulsion which is often practised by such bodies. The most conclusive reason for recognizing Unions was furnished by one of their leaders, who asserted that in Germany they numbered more than a million of members. There is not the smallest use in refusing to irresistible multitudes a right which they have the power of asserting for themselves; but it was evident that trade organizations were at Eisenach, as in other places, regarded with little favour by those against whom their efforts are habitually directed. When Professor SCHMOLLER proposed that workmen should be relieved from legal compulsion to perform their contracts, general indignation was expressed by the majority of the Congress; and one speaker suggested that if anarchy were for a time established, it would be necessary to restore order with needle-guns and grape-shot. The Congress eventually adopted a string of moderate, unobjectionable, and unnecessary resolutions. The more orthodox Society of political economists from whose ranks the promoters of the Congress had desired to secede may fairly congratulate

themselves on the acceptance of their principles by the would-be dissidents. It is the great merit of science that its conclusions can only be made clearer by discussion; and economy is the most scientific branch of political inquiry. It is perfectly true that the doctrines of ADAM SMITH are not ultimate or eternal truths, because they may be logically and consistently denied by Communists of all colours, and perhaps by Positivists. Moderate and honest reasoners who begin with a recognition of the institution of property will always find themselves compelled to renounce the vague schemes of sentimental blunderers.

Much difference of opinion was expressed in the course of the discussion as to the proper functions of the Government; and in England also a numerous and perhaps growing class of politicians constantly recommend an increased application of administrative machinery to social purposes. In some cases combined action is both cheaper and more effective than any voluntary association of separate efforts; and it is sometimes necessary to coerce a minority, even in industrial arrangements, for the benefit of the community. The corporations or boards which manage the drainage of fen districts afford a familiar example of the necessary substitution of public and general operations for isolated proceedings; and in recent times sanitary works of all kinds have been properly included among the subjects of local or general administration. There is no necessity for assuming that the catalogue is exhausted; but it is necessary to watch with vigilance every attempt at usurpation. A rumour that the Eisenach Congress was encouraged by the Imperial Government may perhaps be unfounded; but it would not be inconsistent with the official traditions of Prussia to attempt intrusion into the sphere of private industry. Professor SCHMOLLER's invidious contrast between the impartiality of the Government and the alleged oppression of the workmen by the capitalists has something of a bureaucratic sound; and it is possible that the uneasiness which has been caused by the agitation of the International Society may incline the Government to attempt the hopeless task of guarding against social revolution by a more active supervision of the relations between capitalists and workmen. The evil and the danger undeniably exist; but in resorting to the protection of the State industrial capitalists would abandon the principles on which their prosperity depends. Impartiality, as Professor SCHMOLLER uses the phrase, implies an arbitrary attempt to correct the inequalities of fortune. The mischievous giant in the *Fairy Queen* who spent his time in lowering hills and raising valleys was intended to represent the perversity of fighting against natural laws.

Theorists ought not to forget that Government is neither an abstract phrase nor a self-existent power, but that it represents certain political forces. In the present day no prudent man will deliberately enlarge the functions of Government, if he wishes at the same time to diminish or to restrain the influence of democracy. In many European countries, perhaps in all, the powers of Government will shortly be exercised by the nominees of universal suffrage, and, in a system absolutely controlled by numerical preponderance, the workmen will be beyond all comparison more powerful than the employers. The leaders and advisers of Trade Unions habitually urge their followers to disregard the interests of all classes but their own, and the same persons would naturally use their political influence for the objects which they proclaim as desirable. A Government representing the working class would be signally deficient in the impartiality which is perhaps not unfairly attributed to existing Governments. The object of the representatives of labour would be to increase wages, to diminish the hours of work, and generally to make the rights and interests of employers subordinate to the convenience of labourers. On other questions the artisans may perhaps be outvoted by the rural population and by other classes not directly engaged in industrial labour; but the petty French freeholder, though he would strenuously repudiate the Socialism of the towns, would probably, in matters relating only to the organization of manufacturing industry, sympathize with the poor against the rich. Even in England the last Reform Bill and the Ballot Bill have dissociated political power from wealth and education; and in almost all parts of the Continent universal suffrage nominally prevails, though it is held in check by various elaborate contrivances. The apparent interests of the multitude will, perhaps gradually, become the chief motive power of political action; and as the organization of the masses becomes more complete, it will be more and more necessary for employers to guard themselves as far as possible against legislative and official interference. It is the peculiar felicity of the people of the United States to be absolutely free from the European super-

stitution of faith in the Government or the State, and an optimist might suggest that their habit of electing rogues and charlatans to high office is a Providential contrivance for the perpetuation of liberty.

LORD SALISBURY ON EDUCATION.

LORD SALISBURY, in delivering the prizes to the successful candidates at the examination of the Manchester centre in connexion with the University over which he presides, was naturally led to speak in high terms of this healthy and useful movement, and then passed on to the general question of national education. He does not approve the new system, except perhaps as a temporary expedient; and he thinks it desirable to prepare the public mind for a number of disappointments. In the first place, he dislikes the intervention of the State; and, in the next place, he doubts whether the system will be efficiently carried out. It may be admitted that, as Lord SALISBURY says, whenever a thing which might be done, and as a rule ought to be done, by the energy and enterprise of individuals, is undertaken by the State, there is somewhere something unsound. Unquestionably parents ought to see to the education of their children; but it is because in a vast number of cases they neglect or are incapable of discharging this duty that Parliament has had to interfere. It was necessary that provision should be made for the education of the people, and as this provision was not being made, except on a comparatively small scale, by private enterprise, it had to be made in some other way. It is true that the interest and enthusiasm with which the new system was at first regarded have already begun to abate. There are symptoms that the School Boards after a little while will be composed of very much the same sort of people as other local boards; and when the pressure of the rates is more distinctly felt, there will probably be a tendency to cut down expenses, and to work the system in a cheap, wooden, mechanical way. All this may be expected, and it is just as well that the danger should be pointed out, in order that it may be guarded against. But even if the worst happens, it is better that the work should be done in a wooden way than not at all. The system may be abnormal, but then it was unavoidable; and there is at least this consolation, that one effect of the system may possibly be to induce people to dispense with it. As education spreads, it is reasonable to suppose that its value will be more highly appreciated; fathers who have felt the advantage of it will be anxious that their sons should have justice done to them, and they will be disposed, if the public schools do not give satisfaction, to take the matter into their own hands, and provide better schools at their own expense. The greatest danger undoubtedly is lest the multiplication of public schools should weaken and discourage private enterprise. Ratepayers who cannot escape the rates will be tempted to economize in their subscriptions, and it will be argued that, as there is now a national system, it is unnecessary to keep up other schools. The result of the Act, however, has up to the present time been rather the other way. Great efforts have been made to extend and improve the private schools, in order to enable them to hold their own against Board schools; but it is impossible to say how long this may last. It must also be remembered that the sort of education which will be given in the Board schools will be imperfect in one vital point, which must still be left to voluntary effort. On the whole, there can be no question that, under the circumstances, the new system was necessary, and that, up to a certain point, it may be expected to do good. It is well, however, to bear in mind the dangers by which it is surrounded, and the disappointments which will inevitably be provoked if too much is expected from it.

It is impossible to calculate the amount of social disturbance which will be produced by a system of compulsory national education when it has got into full operation; but it can hardly fail to be considerable. We can judge in some degree by what has already happened. Education has made great advances within the present century, and one of the results has been that people who have received anything like a decent education are apt to consider manual labour derogatory to their dignity. Lads who would otherwise have been carpenters or shoemakers insist upon being clerks or shopmen. The truth is, that an education going a little beyond reading and writing has hitherto been confined so exclusively to the upper and middle classes that it has come to be regarded as a mark of social distinction. To speak of any one as an educated man is to attribute to him a certain degree of gentility or respectability, and the

obligations of respectability are more severe perhaps than those of any other caste. The consequence is, as Lord SALISBURY says, that the liberal professions are overstocked, because the sons of clergymen and lawyers will not go into business, and that clerks and small tradesmen vegetate on a wretched pittance rather than stoop to share the comparative affluence of artisans and mechanics. With women the case is infinitely worse than with men. There is the greatest difficulty in getting competent domestic servants even at the high wages which are now offered, while thousands of poor girls who have not strength of mind to disregard the superstitions of respectability lead a struggling and miserable life as inferior teachers, sempstresses, or shop-girls, ending perhaps in shame and ruin. Things are not so bad in this way as they were, but still they are bad enough; and Lord SALISBURY's protest against the notion that education makes people too good for honest work of any kind is timely and appropriate. A system of national education may perhaps be expected in the first instance to increase the number of those who aspire to what are called "genteel" employments, but afterwards it will probably help to cure the evil. Education will be then too cheap and common to be a social badge. It will be impossible to find room for everybody in the occupations which are now supposed to rank as more respectable than mechanical labour; and when bricklayers and carpenters can boast of a decent education, the only difference between them and the clerks who look down on them will be in their own favour, in the shape of high wages and easy hours. The moral influences of education are the subject of an old controversy which is periodically renewed. It is true that education has certainly not put a stop to crime, but it can hardly be doubted that it has at least tended to diminish the grosser and more violent forms of crime. The great majority of the people who engage the attention of the police and fill the gaols are utterly uneducated. Drunkenness has also decreased as education has advanced. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that a little education is apt to unsettle those upon whom it is bestowed, and to develop a sort of low cunning and smartness, and a craving for excitement, which are very far from being conducive to morality. This does not show that education is hurtful, but only that it is not in itself a substitute for religious principle. The consolation is that the more thoroughly people are educated the more likely they will be to realize their duty to each other and to society at large.

One of the most interesting passages in Lord SALISBURY's speech was the sort of postscript which he tacked to the end of it in answer to a vote of thanks, and in which he justified the frankness of his observations. Truth, he said, is only to be got at by the collision of minds expressing with perfect sincerity the thoughts which have commended themselves to their judgment. Lord SALISBURY has invariably resisted the immoral and demoralizing sophism that, because in a democratic country the *vox populi* is in the last resort, and for physical reasons, the voice of the master, it is necessary to make believe that it is also the infallible voice of truth and justice. On the other hand, he sees that it is quite possible for a man to hold firmly to his own opinions, and yet to be ready to believe that perhaps he is wrong and others right. On the education question, for example, he doubts the wisdom of the decision which has been arrived at, but he bows to its authority, because he believes that when you find the leaders of the various parties in the country agreeing upon any policy, that policy may be taken as right and just. It is important to distinguish between the candour of admitting, when you are in a minority, that other people are possibly in the right, and the dishonesty of pretending to see with the same eyes as the majority, to whose conclusions you submit. And this distinction, we fear, is too seldom drawn by the political leaders of the present generation. Nothing has been more painfully conspicuous of late years than their readiness, and even eagerness, to take up views merely because they appeared to be held by large bodies of people. A cry is raised; it is taken up by agitators, and gets echoed at elections. It is assumed that the country is determined to have the thing clamoured for, and ingenious minds, adopting the conclusion as a starting-point, at once set to work to invent reasons for supporting it. The deliberate and conscious dishonesty of recommending a policy while believing it to be unsound and injurious is, no doubt, exceptional; but there is another kind of dishonesty, hardly less pernicious, in disposing the mind to be easily converted on any pretext to opinions which it is convenient and profitable to entertain. And this kind of dishonesty is, we suspect, not only prevalent, but increasing. Nothing is more urgently required than greater

frankness and sincerity in political discussion. It is obvious that statesmen abdicate half, and perhaps the more important half, of their functions when they are content to follow, instead of assisting to create and mould, the public opinion of the country.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR AND THE CAT.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR has been assured by his doctor, as we learn from a highly characteristic letter which he has addressed to the *Daily News*, that "the suppression of strong feelings of grief and indignation are (*sic*) bad for the health"; and it is also perhaps under medical advice that he has avoided too abject an adherence to the conventional rules of grammar. If Mr. TAYLOR finds that writing violent and ungrammatical letters does him good, we have nothing to say against it; but his friends might at least endeavour to prevent their publication. There are various sanitary indulgences which are equally beneficial and agreeable, but which it is usual to enjoy in private. Mr. TAYLOR dates from Brighton; but we are quite sure he would be shocked at the idea of tubbing in the King's Road. A reporter of the *Daily Telegraph* was present the other day at the flogging of a garotter in Newgate. The garotter writhed and howled, and his back, as may be supposed, was not pretty to look at. The reporter described the scene with that graphic power for which his journal is so notorious, and Mr. TAYLOR read the report with "sickening disgust." It certainly was very disgusting. There are a great many things which have to be done in this world which will not bear minute description in the pages of a periodical intended for family reading. If Mr. TAYLOR had protested, as we have repeatedly protested, against the indecency of publishing this vile literary garbage, nothing would have been more natural. It may be necessary that garotters should be flogged; but it is not necessary that the flogging should be reported in this manner. But Mr. TAYLOR's indignation takes quite another course. He flies out, not against the bad taste of the *Telegraph*, but against the law under which the lash is administered to a certain class of criminals. It is true that, if there were no floggings, the reporters could not describe them; but if it came, as it may come, to be the fashion to print sensational accounts of operations in the hospitals, even Mr. TAYLOR would hardly propose that the surgeons should be forbidden to exercise their art in order to prevent the newspapers from being exposed to the temptation of filling their columns with horrible details. Mr. TAYLOR calls the flogging "a deed of cold-blooded, cowardly brutality," an "orgy of blood and torture," and threatens the warders who officiate on these occasions with the fate of Governor EYRE. He abuses the reporter as a "two-legged brute" for saying that the garotter received his whipping in a cowardly manner; but he has himself no hesitation in stigmatizing society as cowardly for inflicting the punishment in what it believes to be self-defence. Not merely the backs, but the feelings, of ruffians like COHEN must be spared; but Mr. TAYLOR has no sympathy for the innocent victims of their brutal outrages. COHEN had knocked down an elderly gentleman, whose watch he coveted, by a blow on the head, and kicked him violently when lying on the ground; but it does not appear that Mr. TAYLOR has any expletives to spare for this act of "cowardly brutality."

Mr. TAYLOR says he will not argue the question, and, though he has written a second and longer letter upon it, he has kept his word. There is certainly nothing that can be called argument in either of his letters. They are only screeches. Mr. TAYLOR pelts the law and its advocates with hard words, and feels evidently much relieved by this easy exercise. It may be admitted that flogging is, as he calls it, "torture"; but, so is imprisonment, oakum-picking, the treadmill, and every other form of punishment. Flogging is also cold-blooded; that is to say, it is a punishment which is inflicted, not in the heat of passion, but calmly and deliberately, and as the result of inquiry and reflection. Everybody, except Mr. TAYLOR, is, we imagine, agreed that this is just the spirit and manner in which punishment ought to be administered. As to flogging being cowardly, there is obviously nothing more cowardly in tying a man up and whipping him than in shutting him up in a cell. If Mr. TAYLOR were logical, he should go on to propose that, not only the cat, but every other kind of punishment, should forthwith be abolished as cold-blooded and cowardly. Mr. TAYLOR appears to be also of opinion that the representation of classes in Parliament should be carried out so as to include the allotment of several seats to the garotting interest.

He holds that the House of Commons, being composed of men "not one of whom would ever find their (*sic*) own backs liable to the infliction of the cat," is not entitled to legislate for a class with whom it has no fellow-feeling. There was once a prizefighter in the House of Commons, and some of its members have at different times got entangled in the meshes of the criminal law; but no garotter has as yet had an opportunity of lifting his voice against the cat within its walls. Mr. TAYLOR is, however, able to refer to a meeting of gentlemen interested in this question, which was held at Clerkenwell Green on Sunday, and at which the use of the cat was unanimously condemned. It is obvious that these objections are entirely beside the question, which is simply whether the use of the cat is an effectual means of diminishing a particular form of crime. If it is, that is a sufficient justification. Mr. TAYLOR believes that the "flogging mania" is distasteful to Mr. BRUCE, and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, who has come forth in support of the member for Leicester, asserts that "he is telling no secret when he says that the HOME SECRETARY denies that flogging and a diminution of garotting have any connexion whatever." It does not much matter perhaps what Mr. BRUCE's private taste on this subject may be; but if he has evidence in his possession to show that flogging is not effecting the object for which it is intended, he will certainly not be doing his duty as a Minister if he does not bring it before Parliament. That there has been a diminution of violent crimes is incontestable, but of course it may be due to some other cause than the application of the lash. It is in the nature of things impossible to ascertain exactly what is the precise effect of any punishment; but we have here two facts which appear to be significant as far as they go. One is, that the garotters who have been flogged have exhibited great terror of the punishment—a terror they never showed in regard to mere imprisonment—and the other is, that garotting has fallen off. There may or may not be a connexion between these two facts; but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is not unreasonable to infer that they represent something more than a mere coincidence. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT is quite as vehement and positive as Mr. TAYLOR in insisting that flogging does not check crime, but he has the candour to admit that he knows nothing about the matter. He only supposes that "the facts are within the reach of men who study statistics," and he appeals with touching confidence to the *Daily News* to get up some facts in support of his view. Mr. TAYLOR, now that garotting has diminished, asserts that the alarm which it formerly caused was only a fit of temporary insanity. When a man who has been suffering from a troublesome complaint finds himself much easier after following a particular course of treatment, he does not usually jump to the conclusion that his malady was altogether a delusion. On the whole, it will be better to stick to the cat until Mr. TAYLOR and his friends can show that it is really doing harm.

Mr. TAYLOR says he has nothing to hope from the Philistinism of a House of Commons which does not contain a single garotter, and he prefers to appeal to what he calls the general sentiment of the country. It might be supposed that Parliament reflected public opinion on this as on other questions, and we see no reason to doubt that the use of the cat in special cases is generally approved. At the same time there are probably many persons like Mr. TAYLOR who are made very uncomfortable when they read the unpleasant details of this kind of punishment. Their pity and tenderness are partly for themselves as well as for the poor wretches who are depicted wriggling under the lash. They think it very hard that their own delicate feelings should be outraged by having such facts thrust upon them. There can be no doubt that Mr. TAYLOR is quite right when he says that society cannot be in a healthy state when men have to be flogged, but it does not follow that flogging should therefore be abolished. The unhappy circumstance is that there should be men who are amenable only to the discipline of the lash, and who behave in such a manner as to deserve it. The way in which the sentimentalists argue about the cat is precisely the same as the way in which the peace fanatics argue about war. War, they tell us, is very dreadful. It is terrible to think of the horrors of a battle-field; of the thousands of wretched creatures writhing in agony, of the poor widows and orphans. In demanding that war should be put down, they forget to go back to the beginning of the question, and to consider whether any means can be devised of suppressing the evil passions which lead to war. It has lately been proposed that the cat should be the punishment for other offences besides robbery with violence, and there is

certainly something to be said for flogging wife-beaters and the heroes of other ruffianly assaults. The cat is an argument they are likely to appreciate. When the wife-beater is sent to prison, his family, deprived of maintenance, suffer with him; but the lash might be used as a substitute for imprisonment in whole or part. It is obvious, however, that resort to punishment of this kind must be carefully guarded. If it were to become common, it would lose much of its effect as a deterrent, and could hardly fail to injure the tone of society. We have as little sympathy with those who want to flog all kinds of criminals as with those who are too delicate and tender-hearted to flog any.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF ART.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER has been setting an example which a statesman, he has been seeking for consolation in his retirement. The study of history, he says, gives no relief, "for in history we ever find passions and calamities similar to those of our own day." The validity of the reason may perhaps be doubted, for the knowledge that we are not the only people who have made a mess of the attempt to govern might be regarded by some minds as on the whole satisfactory. The world has managed to get on somehow or other in spite of innumerable crimes and follies; and the fact may be taken as a proof that our special contribution to the vast sum of human absurdities may not be more fatal than its predecessors. M. Ollivier, however, finds the associations provoked by the study of history too painful; Napoleons and Bismarcks are found in every page, and it is better to close the book. He turns, therefore, to "divine works of art," which have for him a "magical power of consolation." A visit to ancient masterpieces of painting and imaginary converse with their creators is alone sufficient to transport him to a pleasant dreamland, disturbed by no rude shocks of reality. That world of the imagination is peopled only by forms of ideal grace, which, instead of reproaching him with past errors, lull his mind by soothing reveries; and it is impenetrable by the noisiest echoes from the banks of the Seine. In short, M. Ollivier has succeeded in discovering the secret of happiness for a retired statesman, and, as the fruit of his meditations, is publishing a work entitled "A Visit to the Medici Chapel, and a Dialogue between Michael Angelo and Raffaele." Doubtless a dialogue between those great men must be better worth hearing than an animated discussion in a French Cabinet; and it would be cruel not to congratulate M. Ollivier on having found so harmless and creditable a mode of drowning his sorrows.

The problem of discovering a suitable mode of employment for decayed politicians is indeed one which deserves serious investigation. The class is a large one, and nobody can say that it may not receive fresh accessions at any moment. The waifs and strays which are washed upon our shores after every fresh convulsion on the Continent seem to be very little able to find consolation in art or in any other new employment. The decayed statesman belongs to the class of which poor Mr. Sedley in *Vanity Fair* is an excellent type. The broken-down merchant sets up in the vague capacity of a commission agent; he endeavours to seduce his friends to buy inferior coals or poisonous wine; and he piteously sinks deeper and deeper, whilst desperately clinging to the skirts of his former employment. The emperors and revolutionary leaders who haunt Leicester Square continue to peddle in politics even after their characters and their resources are hopelessly gone. They cannot lose the taste for intrigue, and still continue in fancy to decide the fate of Europe and to lay trains for explosions under which thrones will reel and the foundations of society be broken up. It is impossible not to pity such unfortunates. They may have been genuine patriots in their time, or the only difference between their present and the past may be that they are now found out. But, whether they deserve or not the punishment which they are suffering, there is always something pathetic about a dreamer of dreams. The bare fact that a man has visionary schemes, instead of being exclusively occupied, like most of us, in providing himself with bread and butter, places him in a different category from the vulgar. He is the victim of his imagination, not of his digestive apparatus; and so far we are disposed to render him a kind of qualified respect. It may be intrinsically worse to burn down a capital than to pick a pocket, but revolution is more poetical than petty larceny. At any rate, both for their sakes and our own, we would willingly discover some asylum for these broken-down gamblers in the great game of politics. Our pity for the man who is eating out his heart in exile combines with our natural willingness to get rid of a dangerous element of society. We would willingly for both reasons induce our refugees to take to the study of the fine arts, and to write dialogues in the National Gallery, instead of frequenting questionable cafés in the neighbourhood. The result would doubtless be a great deal of very bad æsthetic criticism, but at least a mischievous force would be diverted into new channels.

In old days there was a more convenient resource for analogous cases. Politicians who were tired of their business could retire into a convent. Whether they often found the change an agreeable one may be doubted; but at least there was this great

advantage, that they could not easily come out again. At present this expedient is hardly applicable. The refugees who crowd our pavements are not precisely of the stuff of which modern monks are composed. However glad the Roman Catholic Church might be to see them effectually locked up, it would not care to take them into its bosom. They suffer from a contagious disease which excludes them from all recognized hospitals; and such remedies as psalm-singing and penitential practices are very little to their taste. The only permanent provision that is offered to them is saddled with the condition of a voyage to Cayenne; and it is not one which the most disgusted of patriots is likely to accept of his own accord. On the whole, we fear that there is little probability of an asylum for such cases being started at present. The refugee will continue to lead his mysterious existence, supported, as it would appear, by such unsubstantial food as a consciousness of martyrdom or a hope of ultimate success, or occasionally by the more tangible supplies which are enjoyed by Fenian orators in the United States. M. Ollivier's remedy is in fact open only to the more exalted class of mortals who generally succeed in falling tolerably soft, and make what is called their ruin the occasion of enjoying all the comforts reconcilable with private life.

Meanwhile we should be glad to commend a consideration of M. Ollivier's system in certain cases where the will rather than the power is wanting. It would be a mockery to invite the starving member of the Commune to contemplate pictures, instead of plotting vengeance with his fellow-sufferers. But there is a class of men, admirably qualified by position and education for rivalling M. Ollivier in his new employment, and who would earn our unfeigned gratitude by adopting such a course. We are thinking, of course, of our own revered statesmen. It has become a rule that the English politician, like the Old Guard, never retires. Bolingbroke is about the last example of a compulsory exile. We have not been in the habit of cutting off Ministers' heads, or even confiscating their property, for many generations. And the consequence is that a man who has once taken to the employment generally dies in harness. It seems to be as impossible to give up making speeches and writing despatches as to give up opium-eating when you have once thoroughly got into the habit. The victim of this propensity may never have opened his lips without making a fool of himself, or have written a despatch without producing some new entanglement of affairs. And yet he not only goes on himself, but everybody else seems to think it quite right that he should go on. The fact that he has been a failure hitherto is considered to give him a kind of vested interest in being a failure for the future. It is enough to know that he has been in office without asking whether he has been an ornament to his office. We are so far from the French system of sweeping successive generations of statesmen out of the country, like useless litter, that we never finally part from any one. His very weaknesses endear him to us. We are never tired of condemning the folly of the United States in allowing ex-Presidents and Ministers to sink altogether out of notice; and we do not reflect that occasionally it is the very best thing that can be done with them. Without denying for a moment that a too rapid change in the official world would be a great evil, we may be permitted to hint that it is possible to carry the opposite principle to extremes. It can hardly be denied that some of our rulers would be much better employed in lecturing on the fine arts than in continuing to expose their weaknesses in Parliament. It would therefore be a really useful reform if such a change of life were rendered more easy than it is at present. Nobody, of course, would wish to see Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli cease to take part in the conduct of national affairs so long as they have the necessary strength of constitution. But if they should ever survive their strength, one cannot help reflecting upon the services which both of them might render to literature, if Mr. Gladstone should take to lecturing upon Homer, and Mr. Disraeli should give us a more systematic exposition of the innumerable and brilliant theories upon things in general dispersed throughout his novels. Indeed we should not venture to assert dogmatically that there have not already been occasions on which their energy might have been more usefully employed if it had been directed into that channel instead of being expended on public affairs. If comfortable places were provided at South Kensington for statesmen who felt that Parliament had ceased to be the fitting arena for their prowess, a good many of the inferior luminaries might be gradually shunted into the quiet siding, either by their own sense of fitness or by the gentle persuasions of impartial friends. Without mentioning any doubtful cases where a conflict of opinion might possibly arise, it is sufficient to remark upon the satisfaction which would be given by Mr. Ayrton's acceptance of such a post. We could not bear the thought of entirely parting with a man of such acknowledged eminence. It would break our hearts if he were sent off to Australia, or condemned to wear out the pavement of Paris in exile. But it is true that there are some weak brethren in the House of Commons upon whose over-delicate sensibilities he is apt occasionally to jar. Nature, however, has unmistakably marked him out as the fitting subject of such consolation as M. Ollivier has derived from his æsthetic meditations. A course of lectures on the fine arts generally, or on the principles of laying out gardens and managing museums, would doubtless attract thousands to profit by the flow of wisdom from the lips of so wonderful a master of the subject; whilst the superficial asperities which now provoke some of his rash subordinates would cease to be of importance when he was dissociated from the

practical management of affairs. We should look forward with enthusiasm to the appearance of a work by him entitled "A Visit to Kew Gardens, and an imaginary Dialogue between Linnaeus and Dr. Hooker," setting forth the mollifying influences of a study of the most beautiful objects in nature. There is, indeed, one objection which might be made to such a scheme as we have suggested—namely, that so felicitous an arrangement as this could not often be secured, inasmuch as the people who are worst qualified to act as politicians are in many cases worst qualified to act in any other capacity. We can only reply that in any other capacity they would at least be doing less mischief.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

THE name Bradford conveys to the world in general the idea of a huge Yorkshire manufacturing town, which has covered a site which in itself must have been not unpicturesque, and where an unusual number of stately public buildings of late erection may raise some questions as to the architectural taste of its inhabitants, but leave no doubt as to their public spirit. It suggests a place which has had a considerable share in many of the political movements of our own time, but no name seems less connected with the history of ancient times. Manchester is mentioned in the Chronicles; Leeds hands down to us the name of a British kingdom; Wakefield at once calls to mind a memorable fight of later days; but Bradford has, as far as we remember, no such place in our early history. The records of the town are purely local—its entry in Domesday, its connexion with the house of Lacy and the Castle of Pontefract, the notices of its infant mills as early as the fourteenth century. Local pride may well remember the comparison made by Leland, that Leeds, though as large as Bradford, was not so "quick," a description which some have hinted is not wholly untrue in our own time. Still this is no very great amount of history for eleven centuries; the real share of the northern Bradford in the history of England begins with the civil wars of the seventeenth century. But, as the hero of a tale which we told long ago maintained the somewhat doubtful position that there were "two Wussesters," as some people are gradually awakening to the truth that there are two Dorchesters, so it is well to put on record the further truth that there are also two Bradfords. Indeed, if we come to minute accuracy, there are more than two, as is not wonderful, seeing that wherever there is a river there is the chance of a broad ford. But besides the better known place of the name there is one other Bradford which is of historical importance. Bradford-on-Avon, in the north-western part of Wiltshire, is far less known to the world in general than its Yorkshire namesake, but there are points of analogy between the two besides the mere likeness of name. In fact the likeness of name necessarily implies a certain likeness of site. Where there is a ford there must be a stream, and thus is established at least as much of likeness as was to be found between Macedon and Monmouth, though it may be doubted whether the stream at the northern Bradford is entitled to so dignified a name as that of river. Whether there are salmon in either we should think more than doubtful; indeed whether any fish at all could live in the neighbourhood of so many mills is a point which we may leave to the proper authorities of the two districts. This last sentence of ours implies that there are mills at the southern as well as the northern Bradford, and in truth the southern Bradford is, and has been for ages, a seat of manufactures, though hardly on the same scale as its namesake. A consciousness of this last fact has perhaps led the Post-Office authorities to decree that the Wiltshire town should exchange its later name of Great Bradford for the more picturesque and more ancient description of Bradford-on-Avon. The Isle of Britain, we all know, is rich in Avons, and Wiltshire alone can boast of at least two. Of these the Bradford Avon is not that which runs southward by Salisbury and Christchurch, but that which makes its way into the estuary of the Severn by the greater cities of Bath and Bristol. Those cities, we may add, have free communication with Bradford, being the only parts of the world thus privileged. From other places the ancient town is somewhat hard to get at, being placed on that tangled mass of branch railways which join together or keep asunder Salisbury, Chippenham, Weymouth, Devizes, and Wells. When it is reached, Bradford is found to lie on both sides of its own Avon, occupying a site of unusual picturesqueness among English towns. The houses and other buildings are spread irregularly over the immediate height, and they command wider views of the hills in the further distance. But Bradford, as its name implies, is a river town; it has climbed the hill, like Bristol and Bamberg. Its ancient buildings stand mainly on the lower ground; a single small chapel alone crowns the height. The parish church, a building of various dates from the twelfth century onwards, the vast barn, the stately mansion known as the Duke's House, the ancient bridge, with its chapel suggesting that of Wakefield, but at once humbler in itself, and shorn of its projecting chancel—all stand at the bottom, or but a very little way up the hill. The building which gives Bradford its chief attraction in antiquarian eyes stands a little higher, but it hardly reveals itself at the first sight.

It is a remarkable thing that Mr. Kemble should, in the Index to the Codex Diplomaticus, have transferred to a Bradford in Dorset—Bradford Abbas we presume—several notices in the charters which clearly belong to Bradford-on-Avon. We do not know whether

he would have done the same by the notice of Bradford in the Chronicles, which has been so clearly explained by Dr. Guest. Bradford was the site of a battle which marks one of the great stages in the advance of the English power in the Western peninsula. It was the scene of the first victory of the Christian West-Saxon over the Christian Briton, the first English victory after which the conquerors dealt with the vanquished, no longer as wild beasts to be slaughtered, driven out, or enslaved, but as men, looked on undoubtedly as men of a lower race, but still fellow-men and fellow-Christians, whose lives and goods and oaths had their value in the eye of the law. In 652, seven years after his own baptism, a year before the conversion of the Middle-Angles, "Cenwealh fought at Bradford by Avon." This battle, as Dr. Guest has shown, won for Wessex the long strip of land in the modern Wiltshire which held out after the conquest of Cawlin, where we are at once struck by finding places bearing the British name of Lydiard—the gate, *πύλαι*—in a district which at first seems so purely English. The battle of Bradford gave Wessex not only the site of Bradford, but the site of Malmesbury, and the two places are brought together in the next notice of Bradford which we come across. William of Malmesbury, in his Life of St. Ealdhelm, traces out a crowd of monasteries and churches which were founded or enlarged by him. First and foremost was William's own Malmesbury. Ealdhelm increased the original foundation of Meildulf and built a more stately church, which William himself had seen, and which did not seem contemptible to him in point either of size or of ornament ("tota majoris ecclesie fabrica celebris et illibata nostro quoque perstitit ævo, vincens decore et magnitudine quicquid usquam ecclesiarum antiquitus factum visebatur in Angliā"). The church of Ealdhelm at Malmesbury was thus the immediate predecessor of the present building, of which at least the destroyed eastern parts were doubtless built in William's own day. But, besides this chief minster, there was also standing at Malmesbury within William's memory, though seemingly not when he wrote, a smaller church, which local tradition at least believed to be the original building of Meildulf ("parva ibi admodum basilica paucis ante hoc tempus annis visebatur, quam Meildulfum edificasse antiquitus incertum si fabulabatur"). The custom of building two churches, a greater and a lesser, for the use of the same foundation, of which Glastonbury is so conspicuous an example, seems to have prevailed in most of the monasteries of this time. We find also two churches at Bruton, the greater of which, whose choir had been enlarged in William's own time, was also attributed to Ealdhelm ("Est ibidem et alia major ecclesia in Sancti Petri nomine, quam a beato viro factam et consecratam non negligerent asseverant opinio. Hujus orientalem frontem nuper in majus porrexit recentis edificationis ambitio"). At Frome too he founded a monastery, which in William's time had come to nought as a monastery, but one at least of its churches was supposed still to be standing ("stat ibi adhuc, et vicit diuturnitate sua tot sæcula ecclesia ab eo in honorem sancti Johannis Baptiste constructa"). Lastly, he founded the monastery at Bradford, which, like Frome, had vanished as a monastery, but the little church of St. Lawrence was still standing. Besides these there was also a church at Wareham which was built by Ealdhelm, but of which the ruins only remained in William's time ("Ejus domus maceræ adhuc superstitæ celo patuli tecto vacant; nisi quod quiddam super altare prominet, quod a fœditate volucrum sacratum lapidem tætuat"). Of Wareham we cannot speak with the same certainty, but there is certainly nothing now standing at Malmesbury, Bruton, or Frome, which can have the least claim to be looked on as a work of Ealdhelm or his time. But at Bradford the case is widely different. The building is there standing which there can be no reasonable doubt is the "ecclesiola" spoken of by William of Malmesbury, and which he believed to be the work of Ealdhelm. Even those whom some strange superstition makes so eager to maintain that Englishmen before 1066 could not have put two stones together do not venture to pretend that it is later than the time of William of Malmesbury. We have therefore, still standing, the original "ecclesiola," the little church of which William of Malmesbury speaks. The only question is whether William of Malmesbury was right in believing it to be the work of Ealdhelm.

The building of which we speak stands at a little distance to the north-east of the parish church, and is an *ecclesiola* indeed, consisting of a nave, chancel, and north porch, but measuring within from east to west less than forty feet. Its proportionate height however is most remarkable; the walls alone of the nave being as high as the nave is long, while in the chancel the height again, without reckoning the roof, is considerably greater than the length. Its style is undoubtedly Primitive Romanesque. We believe that we are safe in saying that no one ever mistook it for Norman. But it has some peculiarities of its own. As it has no tower, there is no opportunity for midwall shafts in belfry-windows. The single perfect window has the double splay, but it is by no means so rude as those of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow. Both nave and chancel are enriched with flat pilaster-strips and with a flat arcade cut out of single stones, which also runs round the flat end, there being no east window. In the gables and in the porch the arcade seems to have been exchanged for small shafts not supporting arches, as in many Italian churches. The masonry is remarkably good, being made of square stones, though now unluckily some ugly gaps are seen between them. The doorway and the chancel arch are of distinctly Primitive Romanesque, and very narrow, the chancel arch especially wonderfully so. Over the chancel are

two carved figures of angels very like some of those in early manuscripts, especially in the Benedictional of St. Æthelwold.

Such is the "ecclesiola" which William of Malmesbury believed to be the genuine work of Ealdhelm. Was he right in so thinking? We know of only one historical notice of the church or monastery of Bradford at any date between the days of Ealdhelm and those of William. This is in a charter of Æthelred (Cod. Dipl. iii. 319), in which the monastery of Bradford is given to the nuns of Shaftesbury as a place of refuge to which they might flee with the body of the newly martyred King Edward in case of Danish incursions ("quatenus adversus barbarorum insidias ipsa religiosa congregatio cum beati martyris ceterorumque sanctorum reliquiis ibidem Deo serviendi impenebtable obtineat confugium"). This description of Bradford falls in singularly well with the fact of the district having held out against the West-Saxon arms for seventy-five years after the first conquest of Ceawlin. In the words of the charter there is nothing which directly proves anything as to the date of the building. The words would seem to imply an existing building, but it is of course possible that the nuns of Shaftesbury, on coming into possession, rebuilt such buildings as they found, and of such rebuilding the "ecclesiola" is the result. But this is pure surmise. All that we really know is that William of Malmesbury believed the church to have been built by Ealdhelm, and that we have no other historical statement which either confirms or contradicts his belief. Is his belief then so incredible in itself that it must be set aside on *a priori* grounds? For our own part, we see no difficulty whatever in believing as William did. We see no objection to his belief, except the vague notion that Ealdhelm, at the end of the seventh century or beginning of the eighth, could not have built anything. But this is simply the dream of people to whom all Old-English history is a blank, who fancy that all "the Saxons" lived at one time, and who sometimes argue as if Bede's account of the rudeness of Scottish buildings in the seventh century proved something about English buildings three or four hundred years afterwards. The masonry is certainly smoother than most early Romanesque work in England, but Wilfrith had already built at Ripon "ex polito lapide." The work at Bradford is better finished than the work at Jarrow; but Jarrow is a generation older, and Ealdhelm, with King Ine at his back, might be expected to build in the very best way that anybody could build in his time. In fact, as we see the matter, we have William of Malmesbury's statement on the one hand; we have a mere superstition on the other. We have very little doubt as to which of the two we should choose.

The "ecclesiola" of Bradford has been desecrated and disfigured—almost hidden by parasitic buildings—at least since the sixteenth century. It was, it may be fairly said, discovered by the present Vicar, Mr. W. H. Jones, known as the editor of the *Wiltshire Domesday*, about sixteen years back. An effort is now making to recover and restore it. If it were a memorial of some other nation thousands of miles away, all men of taste would be agog about it; it is even possible that some part of the public money might go to its exploration. But as it is only a memorial of our own nation on our own soil, it must shift how it can. A plain English name like Bradford cannot be expected to awaken the same zeal as the sweet words Ephesus and Hali-car-nassus. Still there may be a few to whom the works of their own forefathers may not be wholly indifferent, by whom the names of Ealdhelm and Ine may not be wholly forgotten. Members of that small company may not be indisposed to lend a helping hand to the work which is going on at Bradford. The chancel is saved; the present effort is to save the nave also. If the two can be recovered and thrown together, Bradford will have the one perfect surviving Old-English church in the land. The ground plan is absolutely untouched, and there are no medieval insertions at all. So perfect a specimen of Primitive Romanesque is certainly unique in England; we should not be surprised if it is unique in Europe.

A SUGGESTION FOR CRITICS.

WE cannot but think that critics are often very unjustly charged with taking delight in the severe exercise of their art. No doubt, after having read through three very silly volumes, a reviewer does find a certain amount of satisfaction when he avenges himself on the dulness and vulgarity that have been inflicted on him, and lets the world know that it has one more foolish writer than it knew of the week before. But just as much as a reviewer has suffered from dulness, so much is he likely to be indulgent to a writer who comes before him with even moderate merits. It is said that if a man is only fortunate in selecting his time for committing a murder, he may almost count on escaping, if not the gaol, at all events the gallows. His murder of course must not be of the ordinary type, but should have a certain interesting sentimentality of its own. Even this, however, will not save his neck if he should be so unfortunate as to have had two or three rival artists whose cases have come on just before his own. It is not so much the clamour which is raised by a portion of the press at each sentimental reprieve that lessens his chance, if he comes at the end instead of at the beginning of the series. The Home Secretary himself, even if gifted with all the judgment, consistency, and firmness of Mr. Bruce or Mr. Walpole, cannot, when he holds in his own mind his hanging committee and listens in turn to the pleadings of justice, expediency, and mercy, keep

steadily before him the exact degree of crime which in all cases merits the gallows; he inevitably raises or lowers his standard by reference to the last cases that have come before him. After two or three exceptionally brutal murders, a very scanty amount of extenuating circumstance will ensure a man's escape. The Home Secretary, when he compares the culprit's crimes with those which have lately come before him, will almost conceive an affection for so gentle a murderer, and will be lost in admiration at the moderation he has displayed. The case is very different, however, when two or three of the more pleasing criminals happen to present themselves in close succession, and, by throwing a sudden supply of respectability into the market, at once raise the standard. We doubt whether the whitest of locks and of neckcloths, the blackest of coats, or the most faultless of Latin, would have saved the most venerable of clerical schoolmasters if he had ventured to tread upon the Rev. Mr. Watson's steps in his conjugal proceedings. The delinquent would have found that a man may get hanged in February who would have been reprieved in January, and that, just as people pronounce the weather warm or cold without so much as looking at a thermometer, but with reference merely to the weather that has gone before, so a Home Secretary hangs a man or lets him off without considering any fixed standard of right and wrong, but with reference merely to the men who have been lately hanged.

Critics, we fear—to return from our long digression—are liable to the same weaknesses and the same errors as Home Secretaries, and are more or less indulgent or severe as they have been fortunate or unfortunate in their recent reading. We could conceive so fortunate a succession of writers as would lead us to praise even one of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels, while at another time, if it came before us, it would not meet with the least mercy. A critic who comes fresh from Mr. Le Fanu and the author who passes under the name of "Ouida," or who had for a whole week seen only the *Daily Telegraph*, might possibly, after such reading, find something to admire in less complete nonsense; just as once at a public meeting we thought that Mr. Vernon Harcourt spoke with modesty and discretion when he happened to have followed Mr. Ayrton. Again, as a bad writer, simply by coming after many still worse, may obtain praise to which he is not entitled, so a writer of moderate merit may meet with blame beyond what he deserves if his critic should happen to come to him from some work of great worth. So alive are we to the difficulties of arriving at an accurate and unvarying judgment of the novels which come before us, that we think of trying to adopt certain standards of merit and demerit to which we shall be able constantly to refer. We will select a sufficient number of novels, and will graduate them in an ascending and descending scale. There are not a few which, like Rob Roy, are "over bad for blessing, and over good for banning," and one of these shall be our neutral mark. The descending scale shall lead down through Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and "Ouida" to Mr. Le Fanu; the ascending scale shall lead up to Mr. Anthony Trollope and George Eliot; while far above them shall be marked Miss Austen, Scott, and Fielding, not for any practical purpose, but merely as a memorial of the height which has once been attained, though in all probability it will never again be reached. With our scale once arranged, we shall not as heretofore be liable to be unduly influenced by the books we have lately read, but we shall, as we examine each new novel, at once try to compare its merits with those works which we have selected as our standards. We shall neither treat it with undue severity, as might well be the case if we came upon it fresh from Miss Austen; nor, on the other hand, shall we allow that merit exists in it because it is meritorious as compared with Mr. Le Fanu's last novel or the *Daily Telegraph's* last leader. Our reviews therefore will, we may hope, be free from the inconsistencies which are to be met with, it is said, in those who pronounce their opinion on the climate of the town of Quito. There, as a man comes up from the plain, he complains of the bitter cold, while, if he comes down from the summit of the mountain-pass, he complains of the burning heat; while, after a certain stay in the town, he finds the climate most agreeable—neither hot nor cold. Of course the traveller in his ascent or descent, as he consults his thermometer in the full assurance that he will find his sensations confirmed, can scarcely believe that it is correct, and would rather think that the mercury is in fault than that he himself is deceived when he blames the coldness or the heat of the climate. A conscientious critic, as criticism has hitherto been managed, must often, we think, be liable to the same doubts, and after a few weeks of the silliest of novels, or after some happy time when he has been reading none but his old favourites, must be troubled with disbelief in the accuracy of his scale, and be apt to suspect, when he feels inclined to blame or to praise, that he is referring not to any fixed standard of criticism, but to his own sufferings or enjoyments of the last few days.

There will, no doubt, be some difficulty in retaining such a lively recollection of the books we have chosen as our standards as to be able without some loss of time to place a new novel at its proper height in the scale. The heroes and heroines, the thrilling accidents, the hairbreadth escapes, and the awful crimes of various stories, do certainly get mixed up in a most woful jumble in a reviewer's brain. Nevertheless, as we should not select more than ten or twelve works for our standards, and would make a careful analysis of each, this difficulty might be overcome. At the same time we can conceive of a yet more exact method of computation in

the case of new novels, which might possibly fail in point of liveliness, but which would from its mathematical accuracy be altogether free from any bias given to the mind by a previous course of reading. The merits of a novel might as easily be set forth in lineal and square measure as those of an estate. The reviewer would supply himself with a foot-rule and a piece of paper. He would find that the matter of almost every novel would fall under some half-dozen heads—as Crimes, Accidents, Death-beds, Love-making, Repentance, and Reflections. His review would very much resemble the report of an estate-agent, where we read in the case of any property for sale how many acres of it are in arable land, how many in pasture, how many in wood, and so on. To give greater exactness to the report, and to furnish the intending reader with more minute information, these half-dozen divisions might be again sub-divided. When we had seen at a glance that our novel contained so many yards, lineal measure, of crime, it would be interesting to know how many yards, feet, and inches went to murder, how many to forgeries, and how many to adulteries. It would be pleasant, and moreover profitable, to be able thus to compare with perfect accuracy the length of a crime and the length of the repentance, and to ascertain how many more yards the hero of a story takes to fall into sin than to fall out of it. We know that we are taught to believe that in ordinary life wrongdoing is the matter of a moment and repentance of a lifetime. But in novels the case is different, happily for the reader, who, so long as his hero's sins are spread over a great space, is quite content to accept the briefest of all possible conversions. There would be a further advantage in this method of reviewing. Each notice would be so brief that we should be able to criticize six books where now we criticize one, and so concise that the eye could at a glance compare the merits of each, and in a moment select one to its taste. There would be pleasure, moreover, in lingering over the various statements, and in considering whether fifty yards of murder equalled forty yards of adultery *plus* ten yards of repentance. It would be as well too if the reviewer, or surveyor, to give him a more suitable name, were to show the exact proportion which the author's reflections bear to the whole book. These would for the most part compare with bog or waste land in an estate, and, accordingly as they covered a large or a small area, so would the attractions of the book be diminished or increased. With a methodical system of criticism like this once fairly established, there will happily be no longer any need for men of education to read foolish novels, as any one with the capacity and business habits of an auctioneer's clerk could, with the most thorough accuracy, estimate the merits of each work. And now that novel writing has become one of the basest of the base mechanic arts, when authors with as much humour and imagination as a spinning-jenny, but with none of its exactness, throw off chapter after chapter like so many yards of yarn, it is no longer right that judgment and taste should be called in to estimate the merits of their productions. That which has been produced by a mechanical process should be left to a mechanical process to estimate. When the reviewer had once got fairly rid of these silly writings, and had handed them over to the surveyor with his measures, he might hope that the time would come when he could again enjoy a well-written novel, and, in happy forgetfulness of the weariness which he had suffered from a long succession of foolish stories, bear without shuddering the sight of three volumes all bound alike.

THE LEEDS CHURCH CONGRESS.

IT is a false analogy to discuss the wisdom or the influence of the particular institution which has been making itself prominent for a dozen years as the Church Congress, upon the premises applicable to the gatherings with similar names at which the votaries of physical and social science congregate. There is in all the cases the same superficial characteristic, of papers and discussions on the branches of knowledge and incidents of practice respectively interesting to the assembled members. With the physicists, however, and the sociologists, these effusions, and the reports of Committees arising out of them, make up the be-all and end-all of the meeting. Science of one kind or another may be advanced or retarded, but no institution other than the community at large will feel the difference. The Church Congress is something more or something less than a religious Science Congress, at which Mr. Voysey would be expected to exchange the sour-sweet compliments of controversy with Canon Liddon, Dr. Hook to battle for the parochial system with Mr. Spurgeon, and the Archbishop of Canterbury to enter upon a calm discussion of the first principles of endowment with Mr. Miall. It is emphatically the field-day of the Church of England in all the complexity of its character as spiritual body, political institution, and social influence, with only the single exception, not always carefully observed, of direct dogmatic assertion. Accordingly, it appeals to the favour or disfavour of the community at large, upon the intersecting considerations, on one side, of liking or disliking for that Church in itself, and, on the other, of the opinion that these gatherings really do serve to help or else to mar its advancement.

With the views which we have always held of the compatibility of the interests of such a Church as that of England with the highest prosperity of the State, we are only concerned with the second of these questions; and on the experience of a now some-

what considerable series of Congresses we are persuaded that results have justified the policy of their founders and supporters. The direct interchange of information on questions of theory and practice is, as we have hinted, only a part of the work set before each meeting; and in the hurry and excitement incident on a session which must be crammed into the inside of a week, we believe that much sound stuff falls far flatter than it would have done if brought forward in some more quiet quarter; and that much nonsense fails to do the mischief or to excite the amusement which it might have effected in a lower-toned or in a more fastidious auditory. There is, however, a gain even in this, as it helps both wise men and fools to measure their own strength against the *vis inertiae* of the community, and it indirectly lands us in what is after all the real function of the institution, that of being to some extent an informal Parliament of the Church of England. A membership purchased by five shillings' worth of ticket is abstractedly not the constitution which we should have forecast for such a body; but the five shillings have to be supplemented by the expenses of journey and living, and of loss of time, which make the Congress a somewhat costly luxury to all except the local townspeople; the selection beforehand both of topics for discussion and of men of mark to carry on the debates half way, secures a balance of preliminary thought; and the rotation of self-appointed orators into which the set papers tail off, while conventionally supposed to depend on the importunity of the offers, has probably about as much chance in it, when managed by a judicious president, as the mysterious process of catching the Speaker's eye. And, above all, the absolute prohibition of any vote effectually prevents the perpetration of a *coup d'église*. The result of meetings so democratic in their broad constitution, and so well fenced in their details, is that the Church as a whole comes out of each Congress with a fuller insight into its wants and its capabilities than it could previously claim; and in this respect the tumults, which have occasionally arisen in a dozen years, have really been only less useful to those who are capable of taking hints than the much larger number of peaceable discussions. It is certain that with the accumulated experience of successive meetings the representatives of the much-differing parties in the Church, have shown an increased desire to respect each other's convictions, and to seek for points of agreement rather than occasions of bickering. Another incidental advantage of a somewhat political nature has attached to this annual conglomeration of Churchmen, in the spectacle which it has successively afforded to important centres of public life of the Church of England as a considerable and powerful corporation—not a mere series of isolated parish churches with parsons to match, but an institution possessing vitality enough to bring together in its behalf large bodies of busy persons distinguished in civil as well as in ecclesiastical life, and sympathy enough to lead those men to mould strong individual feelings to the promotion of a wide common interest. At the recent Leeds meeting the Church loomed so large as to induce the Mayor, himself a Dissenter, to propose and head a ceremonious deputation of the Corporation, in full official dress, at the opening service; while the folly of some of his co-religionists in attempting, with no conceivable good to themselves, to pull down the Establishment, was by no one more emphatically and eloquently denounced than by that undoubtedly Liberal peer Lord Houghton.

The managers of the Leeds Congress exercised a caution which was, if anything, a little excessive in the selection both of safe subjects and safe men, except at one sitting, in which they seem to have concentrated their courage on the choice of a topic most calculated to bring out the strongest salient internal differences of Churchmen, and in finding tongues which were sure not to blur over those differences in a gush of saccharine platitudes. The subject was the "just principle of the Church's comprehensiveness in matters of Doctrine and Ritual," and the utterances of three as sharply cut representatives among the clergy of Low, High, and Broad as could well be found, were to be capped by the first appearance on a Congress platform of Lord Salisbury. The two earlier orators really kept the peace, while Prebendary Plumtre contrived to envelop some essentially wise advice in reasons which mortified the Ritualists, whom he was recommending to mercy, without affording any consolation to the Church Association, whose conduct he stigmatized as immoral. Lord Salisbury's turn then arrived, and he devoted his appointed quarter of an hour to examining the policy of those appeals to the Privy Council which for twenty-five years different sides in the Church had successively tried to crush their opponents, with the conclusion that in every case, and irrespectively of the direct result, the assailing party had suffered in the long run. "The moment one is down another will come up, and the evil will only spread instead of being repressed"; as long as the controversy is only verbal, "men on the various questions at issue are so divided that the whole of the intermediate ground between the two parties is covered by eclectic thinkers," and thus sharp lines of distinction are avoided; but, once set up a shibboleth through litigation, and "each man must take his side, and the most moderate men must suppress their moderation," "till there is no hope of bridging over the gulf." Lord Salisbury did not say that there should be no coercive discipline, "but it should be directed not against parties, but against eccentricities." The obvious retort to this qualification of course will be the question, who is to decide where eccentricity ends and party feeling begins; to which again the reply lies that the object of the speaker was not to codify the whole system of Church toleration, but to lay down general principles applicable to

a patent, not to say flagrant, present nuisance. The audience whom Lord Salisbury was addressing was that large majority which feels how much mischief the Church Association has done in formulating the legal persecution of important parties; and when he has succeeded in bringing the weight of common sense to bear upon that body, it will be time to consider the exceptions necessitated by the Church's law of existence. His conclusion was that "the policy of persecution cannot be continued piecemeal. Either you must take the line of Alva, or you must take the line of Gamaliel."

We must confess that we do not think that the world will ever have grown so wise or so forbearing as to afford hopes of any Association, however small, being formed to propagate the principles of Gamaliel; while the policy of Alva, actively administered, appeals to that human love of sport which may burn as fiercely within the parsonage parlour as by the jungle, the moorside, or the salmon river. But, on the other hand, the friends of persecution may make themselves certain that, whenever the question comes fairly to the poll before the constituency of English public opinion, Alva as a candidate will stand no chance with Gamaliel; not from his own demerits or the merits of his opponent, but because he will be sure beforehand of the animosity of the large party represented by Gallio. Nothing is, of course, further from our intention than to seem in any way to imply that every one who is not a Gallio, and whom it pleases Alva to torment, is therefore a Gamaliel. Hateful as the policy of the Church Association may be, it is certain that it founded its best hope of success on the singular and persistent want of tact displayed by so large a number of its opponents in obstinately refusing to feel the pulse of even that portion of public opinion which was most inclined to befriend them, and, out of the many ways open for embodying their convictions in action, to select and follow up those which most manifestly struck a responsive chord in the popular heart. Their object was, or should have been, the development of devotion, and the means open to them were the appliances of art and taste permissible within a liberal reading of the law of English ceremonial and wisely interpreted by the light of national characteristics. From the first, however, they lent themselves to the discordant promptings, sometimes of a cumbersome antiquarianism, sometimes of a spiritless mimicry of foreign ways, however unpopular, suspicious, or unsuitable, and sometimes of a hard self-will, till at length they had risked the wreck, not of the abstract principle of the beautiful in worship, but of their own enterprise in its behalf. From this fate they have been saved by the still greater unreason of their opponents, whose angry greed to compass the downfall of "Ritualism" goaded them on to attack ritual itself, and thus to place the audacious free-lances of extreme ceremonial under the protection of a far more numerous and cool-headed section of Churchmen, who perceived that the contemplated repression would involve no less an issue than the contraction of the Church of England to the dimensions of an ignorant and bitter Puritan sect. The Church Association must of course go through the decorous pageant of some stock bluster before it throws up the sponge, and we therefore attach very little importance to the spasmodic defence of persecution with which some subsequent speakers endeavoured to meet Lord Salisbury's provoking criticism. If the practical result of the late debates should be to concentrate enlightened public opinion on the side of reasonable toleration, and at the same time to bring home to those to the account of whose imprudence so much trouble must be set, the conviction that it is no dereliction of principle, but on the contrary a high act of Christian wisdom, to merit sympathy by enlisting confidence, we shall say that, among Church Congresses, that held in Leeds will deservedly take a foremost place.

A TRANSATLANTIC PARADISE.

WE are indebted to that enterprising journal, the *New York Herald*, for an interesting description of what it calls "The Reign of Blood and Anarchy" in Pope County, Arkansas. We cannot help feeling that our own newspapers have cause to envy not only the methods of working, but the fields of work, which are available to their energetic contemporaries beyond the ocean. An American editor can turn both civilization and barbarism into a profitable commodity. He can send one Correspondent to Mr. Bonicault, who is acting in New York, and ask him where he got the money to produce *Babil and Bijou* at Covent Garden, and he can send another Correspondent into Arkansas, where a "Terrible Recital of Border Ruffianism, Rival Feuds, and Every-day Assassination" may be compiled as easily as in England a reporter collects the ordinary details of crime at the police courts. We observe that lately in California a woman has been tried for murder and acquitted, and the *New York Herald* explains and apologizes for the miscarriage of justice by stating that the jury entered the box without possessing any preconceived opinion on the case. But in Arkansas the law cannot be said to fail in administration, because nobody pretends that there is, or ever has been, any such thing as law in the country at all. Two sheriffs, one deputy, and two county clerks have been lately murdered, and indeed it appears that if one party confers, or pretends to confer, any legal office, the other party immediately shoots or stabs the office-bearer. To get oneself made a judge or sheriff is like carrying the colours of a regiment in modern war. It must be owned, however, that the

county clerk or sheriff (for both titles are applied to him) Hickox, who has lately experienced the "unhealthiness" of this country for legal officers, appears to have been an unmitigated ruffian. He was the typical carpet-bagger. He was about thirty-four years old, good-looking, cool, bold, reticent, and surly. He expressed the conquest of the South in his person and character. He was that which Southerners expected the Central authority to be, but in which individual adventurers have supplanted it, having gone forth, as the reporter figuratively says, "like devils out of the man into the swine," or in plain prose, from Washington to Arkansas. Hickox had a fine stature, a ruddy complexion, and brown hair, and when he was stripped after death "he had one of the most perfect bodies ever seen in that remote country." His head was shapely and large, and there was the firmness of command and resolution ever present upon his countenance. He weighed nearly two hundred pounds. As a clerk he was acute, orderly, and satisfactory, but in his private habits he was irregular, and sometimes got drunk. He had left one wife in Illinois and taken another in Arkansas, but this is common among carpet-baggers, who hold that one of the advantages of owning a State is to own a divorce court within it. His second wife being of low family, he never took her to the county town of Dover after he was made sheriff, but cohabited with a boarding-house keeper in that town. This he apparently did out of a notion of propriety, and as a mark of respect to the feelings of what we should call "county families" in England. His second wife and his concubine wept together over his grave, whether he was carried in his blanket without a coffin—apparently as a sort of Transatlantic Sir John Moore—and he presented, says the reporter, "a touching and impressive picture of military adventure and semi-outlawry," which perhaps means, in unadorned speech, that he was a bully and a blackguard.

Almost the only hopeful symptom that we can see in the condition of Arkansas is that its unhealthy climate proved fatal to Hickox at the early age of thirty-six. It strikes us that his "military" character is rather deteriorated by the statement that, "in one of his sprees he received a flogging" at the hands of an officer of the regular army; but that is merely matter of opinion. He engaged when he came into office a deputy or clerk named Hickerson, who is described as a preacher of the Methodist Protestant Church. After employing this reverend assistant for some months, Hickox discharged him for duplicity and insubordination, and the next day Hickox was shot dead off his horse, in broad daylight, within two hundred yards of the court-house, which the reporter thinks was a "coincidence." The saying that when rogues fall out honest men get their due would perhaps be applicable to Arkansas, only that there do not appear to be in that country any honest men at all. The "coincidence" of the dismissal of the deputy and death of the sheriff appears to the reporter to indicate that preachers, when they take to politics, "strike the mean between God and Mammon not far from hypocrisy." Of course the reporter has interviewed Hickerson as well as all the other remarkable men in that country who had not been shot up to the time of sending off his parcel, and he found him "an intelligent, but not always reliable, authority." He does not tell us whether he asked the deputy who shot the sheriff, or whether the intelligence or veracity of the deputy was most strongly exhibited in his answer. The next portrait in the series is that of Dodson, who seems to have succeeded to the office of sheriff after the death of Hickox. His military experience includes service in both the opposing armies, as well as in a select band of intermediate character, which called itself "Independent Federals," and whose sphere of service may be easily conjectured. We are told that Dodson lives in fear of his life, but says that he will not fly from Pope County, a resolution which the rest of the world must heartily desire he will keep. He has appointed a deputy, named Williams, whose principal exploit during the war was to visit Confederate households in the absence of their masters and supply himself with lard. It seems hard upon a person of such manifestly pacific tendencies to have received a ball through the throat, and to be considered by the reporter to have few probabilities of leading a secure domestic life. In another paragraph the reporter seems to say that Williams is actually dead. Whether he is alive or dead can make very little difference, as a man who during the opportunities for marauding which a war presents could only purloin lard must be utterly incapable of influencing the politics of Arkansas.

As a suitable prelude to his narrative of recent events the reporter collected a few particulars of the past history of Arkansas, which, to use his own expression, may "account" for Dodson and other phenomena of the present time. He found—what in such an "unhealthy" country was hardly to be expected—an old man, and obtained from him a retrospect of the murders and other atrocities committed in his district. Strange to say, this old man remembered a duel which did not end fatally. Two officers of the Mexican army quarrelled, and after the war was over they got their discharge and came home to have their private fight. About three thousand people assembled to witness this interesting proceeding; but after the second discharge the duel was interrupted by Dr. Burton, an old fire-eater, who "pitched in," and said if there was any more firing he would do a little shooting himself. If Dr. Burton is still alive, which is in the highest degree improbable, we would venture to recommend that he should be appointed sheriff of Pope County. We think that the revival of that obsolete institution the gallows would have an excellent effect on the carpet-baggers and ex-rebels

who now murder one another in Arkansas. The reporter tells us that the war "accounts" for Dodson, but, as far as we can understand, there were as many murders before the war, and with less excuse. In the State House the spot is shown where the Speaker "cut the bowels out of" a representative; and, "strange as it may seem, the man that did that was a very respectable and good man." He lived many years, highly respected, and this, says the reporter, is the usual character given to anybody fond of killing people. He proceeds to study the religious character of these respectable murderers, and finds that they have for the most part a Calvinistic type of mind, which he derives from Scotch settlers in North Carolina. This, we think, is rather hard both on Scotland and Geneva. "The light and humorous side of life is not to be found here, and the Gaelic and fateful qualities and temperament prevail." If there was in Arkansas a want of capacity to see the comic side of murder, the reporter has certainly supplied it. He sketches the scenery among which the outrages which he describes occurred, and gives a picture of the house where Williams stole the lard. The county is all but bankrupt, and the revenue laws have stopped the distillation of liquor from the native peach and apple orchards, while the "mean spirits" current demoralize young and old. It may deserve the attention of reformers of liquor laws among ourselves whether the substitution of "mean spirits" for peach-brandy and cider has contributed to develop the tendency of Arkansas towards murder. It appears that the militia of the State are at this moment quartered upon the inhabitants under pretext of preserving order, and, as one of the few persons in the county who have anything to lose complained to the reporter, "they take our stores, and pay us in our own scrip," which is worth no more than six cents on the dollar. The endeavours of the reporter to arrange the murders in Pope County chronologically were impeded by the circumstance that several murders are apt to occur nearly at the same time. There appears to have been a series of sheriffs and county clerks, who were appointed by one party, and shot as soon as they began to be disagreeable to the other. In one point these murders are all alike—"Nobody knows who did it." County clerk Stout, who figures on the list of victims, was a Methodist preacher, and he was believed to be among the "raiding parties" who dashed across the country. Another victim was Morris Williams, brother of the purloiner of lard. The young fellows who shot Brown and Hickox liked Morris Williams very much, but some other young fellows did not like him, and the usual consequence ensued. The sheriff for the time being did make preparation for hanging the murderer of Williams, but he burned the gaol and got away, and when the sheriff's officers met with him again, they shot him in order to make sure. It would be difficult to combine the ludicrous with the horrible more effectually than has been done by the reporter. A vote by ballot was taken for the Constitution, and only those who voted for it were to vote for county officers. The obvious resource was to shoot the officers elected by the other side. The existing Constitution of Arkansas may be described as depending upon vote by ballot tempered by assassination.

FAITH AND FACT.

THERE has been a rather curious correspondence in the *Times* between two writers both styling themselves "Old Catholics"—whether in precisely the same sense is not clear—and one of whom gives his name as Mr. Archer Shee. The "Sixty Years Old Catholic," whose letter appeared first, apparently used the term in the sense it has now acquired in Germany, as designating those Roman Catholics who reject the Vatican Synod; though in a second letter he says that he is "not exactly an 'Old Catholic' in the Döllingerite sense." He adds, somewhat enigmatically, that he believes the dogma of Papal infallibility "as firmly as Mr. Shee believes it." Mr. Archer Shee, who makes a somewhat needless parade of his willingness to append his signature, is apparently anxious to avoid committing himself on the point. He tells us indeed that he "accepts every decree of the Council of Trent in matters of faith"—thereby declining to be bound by its disciplinary enactments—and adds, with perfect truth, that this is exactly the position of those "who sympathize dogmatically with the illustrious Döllinger"; and he is careful to point out that the new dogma of Papal infallibility rests exclusively on Papal authority, "for the Church has no formal or official cognizance of any conciliar utterance on the subject"; which is also part of the contention of the Old Catholics in Germany. However, he studiously avoids any distinct assertion of his own view about infallibilism, and is very angry with the "Sixty Years Old Catholic," who, he not obscurely insinuates, is in fact no true Catholic at all. The immediate subject of the correspondence is the alleged miracle of Lourdes, which both writers reject as fabulous; but on that matter we have sufficiently expressed our mind already, and we shall not return to it now. The real interest of the discussion turns on a question which cuts far deeper than the truth or untruth of any particular miracle, and goes down to the very roots of the doctrine now held by a majority of Roman Catholics to be an article—we might say the fundamental article—of their creed. It may be allowed that the first correspondent raises what appear to us some rather irrelevant issues. When he urges the superfluous, if not uncharitable, inquiry whether the Pope and the French bishops who have announced the truth of these alleged visions believe in them themselves, Mr. Shee answers fairly enough that

a man may be both upright and pious who is very credulous about such matters; and we are aware of nothing in the antecedents and mental characteristics of Pius IX. or the Bishops of Grenoble and Tarbes which would make their sincere credulity in the slightest degree improbable. On the other hand, when the "Old Catholic" proceeds to ask whether Roman Catholic priests and bishops in England hold themselves at liberty to disbelieve these stories, and think it their duty to tell the faithful plainly in the pulpit and the confessional that they are not bound to believe them, he is surely asking a very pertinent question, and one which is not at all disposed of by Mr. Shee's remark that "the duty of disbelief cannot be inculcated as obligatory on a congregation or a penitent." Of course not; but the question is, whether the freedom of disbelief ought not to be openly asserted, and whether in fact the attitude and action of the Catholic clergy is not such as to convey to the faithful generally the impression that they are bound to believe, or are, to say the least, very poor Catholics if they doubt, the truth of what rests on such high and sacred authority. Mr. Shee does not certainly make any secret of his own opinion. He is creditably anxious to assure us of his "utter disbelief" in the strange stories circulated under Papal and episcopal sanction; and he expresses his "mournful disgust" at the "deplorable exhibition" of superstitious folly to which they have given rise. And he justifies his belief, even on infallibilist principles, by drawing a distinction, which constitutes the main gist of his letter, and on which we propose to offer a few remarks.

Our readers may recollect the controversy carried on in the newspapers not long ago, originating, we believe, in one of Dean Stanley's erratic preachments in a Presbyterian Church in Scotland, about the St. Bartholomew's massacre. Mr. Archer Shee, as well as other Roman Catholics, then wrote to the *Times*, declaring, what he now repeats, that the massacre was "an atrocious crime," but denying the Pope's complicity in it; and—which is more to our present purpose—Dr. Newman also wrote a letter questioning the guilty knowledge of Gregory XIII., but insisting that, in any case, his infallibility was not compromised, because "infallibility is not impeccability," and "even Caiaphas prophesied." This of course meant that, if the Pope did sanction the massacre, his sanction was both erroneous and sinful. Mr. Shee urges the same distinction, implied by Dr. Newman, between questions of faith and questions of fact, and denies that the Pope claims any infallibility in the latter sphere. His language on this point is very emphatic and very precise. He asserts, "without fear of contradiction, that no personal utterance of the Pope, either *ex cathedra* or otherwise, and no decree, even unanimous, of a Council, Ecumenical or otherwise, can impose on any Catholic conscience the duty of believing, as a matter of faith, any fact or event which is not, and could not chronologically have been, included in the deposit of faith committed by our blessed Lord to His Apostles, or reported to us in . . . the Holy Scriptures." He adds that Popes and bishops are "one and all liable to be deceived and imposed upon, in common with their fellow-men" in judging of contemporaneous facts, and sums up with the statement, bearing directly on the new dogma, that, "whatever may be the true meaning of Papal infallibility, as recently claimed by His Holiness . . . it is certain that it does not involve Papal *infallibility* in matters of contemporaneous fact and history." In other words, neither the Church nor the Pope claims, or ever thought of claiming, infallibility in matters of fact, however closely those matters may be related—as miraculous apparitions and the massacre of heretics obviously are related—to questions of "faith and morals," in which the Pope confessedly does claim to be infallible. Will the distinction hold water? We think not. It is not necessary to enter here on any discussion as to the exact degree of the Pope's complicity in the St. Bartholomew massacre. We will content ourselves with citing the scrupulously candid testimony of Ranke, that Pius V. certainly approved Alva's bloody measures in the Netherlands; and though "it cannot be proved that he was privy to the preparations for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them." That successor was Gregory XIII., the reformer of the Calendar, and one of the most liberal and enlightened Popes of the day; he, however, "celebrated the great event by a solemn procession to San Luigi," and by striking a medal inscribed *Ugonottorum Strages*; and Cardinal Santorio, who very narrowly missed being elected Pope shortly afterwards in the place of Clement VIII., speaks in his autobiography of the "giusto sdegno del re Carlo IX. di gloriosa memoria in quel celebre giorno di S. Bartolommeo lietissimo a' cattolici." On the whole, there can be little doubt that the Court of Rome understood pretty clearly the true nature of the transaction, and did not by any means regard it, with Sir G. Bowyer, as "a crime and a mistake." A mistake from their point of view it was not by any means, but a conspicuous and permanent success. It not only completely crushed out the power of Protestantism in France for the time, but it crushed it out so effectually that it has never since recovered any sure footing there; as may be judged from the candid avowal of Mr. Pressensé only the other day, that he looks to the consent of the Catholic Church to reform itself seriously, and not to any form of French Protestantism, as the only hope for the religious regeneration of his country. Such has been the result of a "crime" which Popes solemnly approved; and we must say that, on the principles of the Syllabus—which can only by a desperate stretch of special pleading be represented as not issued *ex cathedra*—they were abundantly justified in approving it. We have no doubt whatever that the

great majority of educated English Catholics will heartily go along with Dr. Newman in saying, "No Pope can make evil good. No Pope has any power over those eternal moral principles which God has imprinted on our hearts and consciences." But the question is, not what the Pope can do, but what he claims to do. And he claims, beyond shadow of doubt, to decide absolutely and infallibly on all "moral principles," and, as will appear directly, on all matters of fact which are, or may be considered to be, connected with them. Dr. Newman's disclaimer was reported at the time to be very coldly received in influential infallibilist quarters. We were not surprised to hear it.

But Mr. Shee will perhaps rejoice that we have not fairly met his challenge, and that, whatever may be thought of the Syllabus or the St. Bartholomew massacre, it equally holds good that no "fact or event" not contained in the original "deposit," written or unwritten, handed down from the Apostles, can possibly fall under the claim of infallibility, whether of Pope or Council, or become matter of faith. We will not enter here on the psychological difficulty—Bishop Maret called it a psychological impossibility—of conceiving an infallible man who is not also impeccable; and Caiaphas, begging Dr. Newman's pardon, never claimed to be infallible, though he might in a given case be inspired. Nor will we refer to the weary controversy about the "Three Chapters" at the fifth Œcumenical Council, where something very like infallibility on a question of fact does appear to have been asserted. Let us come to closer quarters. Does the Pope claim infallibility in canonizing Saints? If we are not greatly misinformed, the overwhelming majority of infallibilist theologians will reply in the affirmative. But it is held to be necessary for the sanctity of the person canonized to be authenticated by at least three indisputable miracles, which are always duly recorded in the Bull of Canonization. These miracles the Pope has to judge of "by such evidence as may be within his reach," and they clearly "could not chronologically have been included in the deposit of faith delivered by our Lord to His Apostles." Is he, therefore, "liable to be deceived and imposed upon" like other men in weighing the evidence? If he is not, *cedit questio*; if he is, how can we be assured that he has rightly decreed the canonization based on the evidence of these miracles? Suppose, for instance, what is quite conceivable and perhaps not improbable, that any of the children who witnessed the apparitions of Lourdes and La Salette were hereafter to be canonized, and those miracles had to be recorded in the Bull of Canonization, would not "the duty of believing the fact" be thereby "imposed on the Catholic conscience"? Or are we to say that the Pope is "gullible" in estimating the evidence, but infallible in arriving at the result dependent on it, on Lord Mansfield's principle that an inexperienced judge would be likely to give a right decision, though his reasons would certainly be wrong?

The theory maintained by Mr. Shee, "without fear of contradiction," admits however of still more decisive refutation. We must confess to some surprise that he should have so entirely forgotten the whole history of the chief theological conflict which has disturbed the Roman Catholic Church since the Reformation, and the echoes of which are indeed still heard within its walls. The great Jansenist controversy which raged for above a century in the Church, which has immortalized the name of Port Royal, and on account of which the Church of Utrecht remains to this day under the ban of Rome, turned wholly and solely on the right of the Pope to decide infallibly a question not of faith but of fact. Every one of the excommunicated nuns of Port Royal, every one of the archbishops and bishops of the national Church of Holland, who have been denounced in a series of Papal Bulls for nearly two centuries as ravening wolves, monsters of iniquity, and the like, not only "accepted every decree of the Council of Trent," but declared their *ex animo* assent to the Papal censure of the five Jansenist propositions. What they would not affirm, and were excommunicated as heretics for refusing to affirm, was that these five propositions were, as a matter of fact, contained in the *Augustinus* of Jansen, as stated in the Formulary of Alexander VII. The last attempt at a reconciliation between Rome and Utrecht, in 1827, broke down solely through the refusal of the Archbishop to subscribe this Formulary. The Papal Legate exhausted all his ingenuity in the vain attempt to persuade him of the imperative duty of recognizing, against his own judgment to the contrary, what Mr. Shee calls "Papal ingullibility" in a simple matter of fact, upon which he, humanly speaking, had at least equal facilities with the Pope for forming a judgment, and on which, rightly or wrongly, a long succession of the acutest and devoutest minds in the Roman Catholic Church have agreed with his decision and disagreed with the Pope's. We are thus driven to the conclusion that, "whatever be the true meaning of Papal infallibility, as claimed by His Holiness," it most undoubtedly *does* "involve Papal ingullibility in" all such "matters of fact and history" as he may infallibly judge to come within the legitimate sphere of his official cognizance.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

OF all the associations in which our time and country are so prolific, perhaps the United Kingdom Alliance is the most remarkable. It possesses the longest-winded speakers and the most patient hearers that were ever combined for any public object. The annual meeting of the Alliance has been held this week at

Liverpool, and we are told that the annual Report was read by Mr. Pope, Q.C. "It is a printed document long enough to fill three pages of the *Times*." Incredible as it may appear, this voluminous composition was not merely "taken as read," according to a practice which has happily become common, but was actually read through by the Secretary in the hearing of the Council. If any proof were wanting of the zeal which actuates the Alliance, the fact that its members submitted to such an infliction would demonstrate that they are thoroughly in earnest. Fortunately for ourselves and others who are only moderately enthusiastic, the *Times* has not devoted the necessary three pages to publishing this Report. But we learn that it contained "extracts from newspaper articles, resolutions of religious bodies, notices of the movement, and utterances of public men," besides a history of the electioneering and Parliamentary proceedings of the Alliance during the past year. We should think that no ingenuity could have contrived a more dreary programme. Even the speakers at these meetings have a tendency to become tedious; but imagination can hardly conceive the weariness of listening to a series of extracts from speeches that have been delivered at other times and places. There has surely been nothing like this meeting of the Alliance since the Goddess of Dulness entertained her votaries with heroic games. A ponderous treatise was to be read, and a prize was promised to any hearer who could keep awake to the conclusion. "If there be man who o'er such works can wake," he would be manifestly qualified for election to the Council of the Alliance. We should think that when the Secretary came to extracts from newspaper articles and utterances of public men, not only must the entire assembly have been asleep, but the soporific influence must have begun to spread through the adjacent streets of Manchester.

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.

The conductors of this wonderful Association seem to think that the real work they do may be measured by the quantity of paper and printers' ink which they consume. Their speakers say the same things over and over again, and every speech that is delivered is immediately printed and circulated as if it were a new and original contribution to the treasury of human thought. The Report gives statistics of meetings held during the year, which show "upwards of a thousand speakers all within a single week expounding the principles and urging the claims of the Alliance and the Permissive Bill." It never seems to occur to the energetic authors of the Report that there must be some weakness in a cause which needs perpetual agitation. Sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty meetings have been held during a single week, addressed by agents and representatives of the Alliance, giving, as we are told, an average of six speeches to each meeting, besides the chairman's speech. This direct application of arithmetic to agitation is within our experience a novelty. The authors of the Report seem insensible to the obvious conclusion that the proceedings which they delight to chronicle are merely an illustration of the economic doctrine that where there is demand there will be supply. They have got up to one thousand speeches per week, and if the subscriptions for next year are liberal, they could easily arrive at two thousand. The supporters of the Alliance are not particular about quality, and as to quantity, that depends entirely upon the amount of money that they can command. The Alliance publishes a newspaper which is, says the Report, "the backbone of the entire organization." We cannot help admiring the simplicity of this statement. The expenditure upon this newspaper is stated to be between 6,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* a year, and, as we understand, the receipts from it amount to more than half this sum. It is not, and is not likely to be, commercially profitable, but it is evidently well established, and the persons who conduct it must have tolerably safe and comfortable places. We do not question their sincerity, but it is manifest that their daily bread depends upon the success of the Alliance. They produce an article which a large portion of the public, not having a very fastidious taste, relishes. They organize meetings and report them. Some of the speakers are paid agents of the Society, and others find their reward in occupation or notoriety. Almost any kind of public meeting is an agreeable variation of the dullness of life in a country town, and meetings of the Alliance have become doubly attractive since there has been a prospect of interruption by what the Report calls the "rowdyism and violence" of the liquor-dealers. It appears probable that the Alliance must require the services of a considerable staff, which it is able to remunerate. There is no discredit in going into this branch of business, but the fact should be recognized that it is a business, and those who follow it feel the ordinary inducements and adopt the usual means to success. There was a case lately in the County Court at Manchester in which "a teetotal lecturer" sued the Committee of the National Temperance Union for three months' salary alleged to be due to him as agent and visitor. The plaintiff failed in his suit, but it may probably be inferred that there are such Societies, and that they do employ and pay lecturers. Indeed we can hardly be wrong in surmising that the class of lecturers is increasing. The prosperity of the Alliance must encourage similar organizations, and all are likely to display the same tendency towards abundant eloquence. As for funds, said a speaker at the annual meeting of the Alliance, such a righteous cause as theirs would never lack funds. It must be very pleasant to feel that the maintenance of oneself and family is bound up with the success of a righteous

cause, and thus to make sure of success at once in this world and the next.

It may perhaps be suggested that a righteous cause might be expected to maintain itself without requiring the support of one thousand orations weekly, and that people who are so well satisfied with themselves might abstain from vituperation of their opponents. A superficial perusal of the *Alliance News* would cause us to think that it is adapted with some skill to please rather a coarse taste. Our opinion of the organization of which this is the backbone is naturally influenced by its style and temper. The weekly interchange of amenities with the *Morning Advertiser* is doubtless gratifying to the editor, and perhaps to his subscribers. He does not write for people of education or refinement, nor is it likely that many such people would be included among the supporters of the Alliance. The notion of sending a deputation to address the Japanese Ambassadors on the advantages of temperance strikes us as rather a grotesque impertinence, but the managers of the Alliance understand their own business. It was perhaps hardly necessary to inform these strangers that the traffic in intoxicating liquors was "the great curse" of the country they were visiting. The spokesman of the Alliance was happy to hear that the Japanese whom he addressed were travelling round the world to select and adopt whatever they might find most valuable, and he hoped they would not take back with them the habit of getting drunk. It is evident that the speaker was entirely unconscious that he was saying anything that could possibly be offensive, and he doubtless expected the Ambassadors to display adequate interest in his statement that he had been a total abstainer since 1832. He of course mentioned the equally stupendous fact that 100,000*l.* had been subscribed for the promotion of the objects of the Alliance, and he presented a selection of its publications which furnished perhaps an inadequate explanation of how this large sum of money was expended. The Japanese, possessing "superior habits of temperance," may perhaps find a difficulty in understanding why Mr. Clegg should introduce himself to their notice as an abstainer of forty years. Let Mr. Clegg, they may say, abstain, in the name of heaven, and make no fuss about it. The labours of Mr. Clegg in Church extension have, it seems, been impeded by what he calls the "drinking customs" of his neighbours, and he assumes as a matter of course that the success of those labours must be interesting to a native of Japan. We see enough of Mr. Clegg's character to understand that the judicious creation of Vice-Presidents may be one cause of the popularity of the Alliance; and if its subscribers are gratified by reading a report of his speech on their behalf, and of the answer of the Japanese Ambassadors, the Association may flourish for many years. It is perfectly safe, and not particularly original, to say that if British trade should increase with Japan, "deleterious liquors" are likely to be imported into that country. The exhortation to the Ambassadors "to prevent the drink evil getting a footing in their country" is mere ineffectual talk; but still it is the sort of thing for which a large sum of money has been cheerfully subscribed.

We hear so much from the Alliance about prohibition in America and the colonies, that it may be useful to point out that in many cases the ordinary drink of the country, be it beer or cider, is not included in the restrictions which are imposed on spirits. A case occurred lately in New York, in which the keeper of a public garden was prosecuted for selling Rhine wine on Sunday evening. His defence was that that which the prosecutor called Rhine wine was really American cider, which he might sell at any time without incurring penalty, as it was not an "intoxicating" liquor within the statute. Everybody is at liberty to buy and sell cider as he pleases; but it is thought that the buying and selling of wine and spirits needs regulation. Yet the speakers of the Alliance would denounce the traffic in cider as "iniquitous," and they really seem to suppose that, by raising a large sum of money and spending it in hiring lecturers and printing reports, they can prevent thirsty labourers from getting supplies of cider. It appears that the electors of the United Kingdom are recommended to put in nomination candidates favourable to the Permissive Bill, and the Alliance has pledged itself to give such candidates every possible support "by deputations, lectures, and the distribution of publications." All this promises to be very tedious, but otherwise there is no great harm in it. Happily we need not read the publications which the Alliance sends to us.

THE SEWAGE FARM AT ROMFORD.

THE British Association, with a laudable disposition towards work of practical utility, has undertaken to investigate various processes that have been adopted for utilizing sewage. This disagreeable but irrepressible subject of town drainage is certain to force itself more and more on the attention both of local Boards of administration and of the central Government. We believe that in the course of last Session Mr. Ayrton was either forced to admit, or unable to deny, that the metropolitan householders were paying rates both for sewers and dredging, or, in other words, for putting mud into the Thames and getting it out again. The towns in the valley of the Thames are under a legislative prohibition against drainage into the river after a certain date, and it is difficult to believe that the same protection will not be applied to other rivers which need it equally. That which cannot be poured into river or sea must be

disposed of on land, and thus arises the great difficulty which every considerable town will be obliged in a few years to confront. Experience and discussion alike tend to show that where a sufficient breadth of land can be obtained in reasonable proximity to a town, the most advantageous method of dealing with sewage is to apply it as manure for crops. Poor land may thus be made to grow abundant fodder for cattle, on which they will yield milk which may be converted into butter, and returned to the town from which the sewage came. By a philosophic eye a cow is capable of being regarded as merely one step of a mechanical process for producing butter, and although we are not all philosophers, yet we must all admit that if Thames mud is to be converted into butter, an indirect process would be most agreeable to the prejudices of mankind.

It may interest the inhabitants of London to be informed that this indirect process is about to be applied by Mr. Hope, V.C., on a sewage farm near Romford in Essex, and if it be successful, the butter which results from it will doubtless find its way to the metropolis. This farm has been in operation for several years, and it affords a practical demonstration that sewage can be profitably applied to agriculture. It is true that Romford is a small town, and there happens to be near it a tract of gravelly soil which could grow hardly anything without copious manure. But if sewage farms were established wherever circumstances are favourable, a few years would see great progress made towards economical and sanitary improvement. The sewage of the town of Romford is conducted to this farm and poured over it. The sewage passes through the land, and water emerges from it and passes by drain-pipes into a small river which carries it into the Thames. Without at this moment entering into an analysis of the effluent liquid which we have called water, it is at any rate incontrovertible that the sewage has, in passing through the land, left behind it a very large proportion of its impurity, by which the land is fertilized. Supposing that the process is not quite so perfect as its admirers believe, still there is the dark liquid which comes upon the farm, and there is the nearly colourless liquid which goes from it, and there are the cabbages, and in London are the people who, in ignorance which is perhaps blissful, are destined to consume them. It is not for us to assume that agricultural and culinary knowledge which would be necessary to pronounce

We know what, and are vastly mistaken
If you'll equal that cabbage when boiled with good bacon.

But as we have already said, there is the cabbage, and besides there are pigs which are fattening upon the same farm, as if to recommend the cabbage to consumers. There are also carrots and onions, and there have been, and next year it is hoped that there will be again, strawberries. But perhaps the most general and manifestly profitable application of sewage is in the production of Italian rye-grass. It has been usual to cut three or four crops yearly from roots which last about three years. The plan adopted at Romford is, we believe, to cut as many as ten crops in the year, and then plough up the roots. Whether you will have three crops in the year or ten depends upon the quantity of sewage you apply. Cows will feed and thrive upon the grass, and it is expected that they will yield an abundant supply of milk. This indeed has been proved elsewhere; but the experience of producing butter and cheese from what may be called stall-fed cows is only preparing to be tried at Romford. It may be expected to succeed; for if a cow be cleanly kept and wholesomely fed even on the first floor of a London house, there is no apparent reason why her milk should not be of good quality. It is better, however, to confine ourselves to actual results. The green crops and roots grown upon this farm for the food both of mankind and of animals are excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. It is said that 33,000 cabbages may be grown upon an acre of sewage land, and that these cabbages may be sold to London dealers at 8*d.* per dozen, which gives a return per acre of 91*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Whatever be the ultimate profit upon these operations, it is certain that the lessee pays a rent of 600*l.* a year to the town of Romford for the sewage, besides paying rent for his farm, and he or some other tenant would doubtless be willing to continue the occupation when his present term expires. In order to produce the results which may now be seen upon this farm, it was necessary that the sewage of the town of Romford should be conducted to it—a distance of about three miles—and be delivered into tanks upon the farm. In these tanks the sewage is allowed to deposit sludge at the bottom and to throw up scum at the top. The middle or liquid portion of the sewage is then drained off and pumped up to a height sufficient to spread it over the farm. The scum and sludge are allowed to become partially dry, and are then dug out and spread like ordinary manure over the farm. The liquid sewage is distributed by iron pipes or carriers, which supply channels traversing the fields. These channels would in a perfect system be lined with concrete, but at Romford only some of the principal channels have been thus lined. Gravel is not generally considered a useful article in farming operations, but the tenant of the Romford farm may at any rate congratulate himself on having the principal ingredient of concrete ready to his hand. It was absolutely necessary to line the tanks with concrete, and it would be, advantageous to apply the same method to all the channels, as unless this is done, there will almost surely be some unsightly leakage. It is not, however, to be expected that on this farm, any more than on farms in general, everything should be arranged to please a fastidious eye. Looking at the thing broadly, the undertaking is sufficiently remunerative to ensure its steady prosecution.

The crops raised for the food of man are sent to Covent Garden Market; and specimens of the crops raised for the food of cattle will doubtless be exhibited this year, as in former years, at the Agricultural Hall at Islington.

So much for the practical aspect of the great sewage question. The theory of it has been discussed in the columns of newspapers, in papers and speeches at meetings of the British Association, and in special publications of a more complete and scientific character. There exists a "Digest of Facts relating to the Treatment and Utilization of Sewage," prepared by Dr. Corfield, an active member of the Committee of the British Association, to which the investigation of this subject was referred. It appears from Dr. Corfield's "Digest" that the Committee of the British Association examined and reported on the Romford farm in 1870. The agricultural results were stated in this Report to be "very encouraging," even allowing for the comparative advantage of irrigation in a dry season, while the purification of the sewage was "exceedingly satisfactory," and surpassed anything of the sort that the Committee had up to that time seen. The analysis given of the soil showed it to be a very poor one, while the produce of the farm had been especially fine, and the prices obtained for it very high. It would be tedious to enter into the analysis given in the Report of the sewage as pumped on to the land, and of the effluent water. Readers will probably be content with the assurance of a Committee of the British Association that they were satisfied with the examination which they made. The contrast between the produce of the sewage farm at Romford and other neighbouring farms in the dry year 1870 is strikingly exhibited in Dr. Corfield's book. Two acres of sewage land were sown in the first week of April with peas for picking green, which were sold in July for 30s. In the adjoining farm a field was sown with peas for picking green, but they were found unsaleable. They were left to ripen, and were estimated at the time the Report was made to be worth 5s. or 6s. per acre. These figures, being stated on such authority, may be accepted. The Report shows about the same proportion between sewage and unsewaged lands in other crops; but this, as we have said, was an exceptionally favourable year. Allowing, however, for variation of seasons, the same results have been substantially maintained, and they may be seen upon the farm, which demonstrates far more clearly than any book, paper, or speech, that sewage can be profitably and harmlessly applied to land. It would be well that persons having practical experience of farming would examine this and other similar farms, and report the result of their observations in the districts to which they belong. The utilization of sewage is still impeded by prejudices which are not unnatural, although to a very large extent unfounded.

But whether or not sewage can be in the proper sense of the word utilized, it must be disposed of in some other way than by pouring it into rivers. When once we get as far as this, that a thing must be done, we expect that the discovery how it can be done will soon be made. The Report of the Committee of the British Association, made at the recent meeting at Brighton, has been published, with some useful comments, in last week's number of the *Engineer*. The "instructive and interesting details" of this Report are unfortunately rather apt to oppress and bewilder the ordinary reader. But everybody can understand that if a breadth of land adequate to "utilize" sewage cannot be had near a large town, it may be possible to "purify" the sewage on a much smaller area. The sewage may be so filtered that the effluent water shall be innocuous, while the remaining solid matter may be disposed of, although not necessarily at a pecuniary profit, upon land. A method of "downward filtration" has been lately tried at Merthyr Tydvil, and the Committee have reported that, as a means for the disposal of the sewage when it is not required for purposes of cultivation, and especially of the night sewage, there can be no doubt of the success of this method. The Local Board of Merthyr Tydvil have considered themselves justified by the favourable result of this experiment in reducing the quantity of land which they had intended to take for a sewage farm, but still the land which they have taken, including that on which the "downward filtration" proceeds, amounts to two hundred and seventy acres. Attempts will doubtless be made to represent the solid residuum of the filter-beds as a saleable commercial article, and we can only say that we shall be very glad to hear that purchasers have been found for it. A process has been invented by General Scott for manufacturing cement from the suspended matters of sewage. These matters are precipitated by means of lime and clay, the water passes off very much clarified and without any offensive smell, and the sediment, after being dried in tanks, is placed in a kiln, burned by intense heat, and then converted into cement. The Committee remark upon this process, that "the amount of fuel which slush will afford is so large" that, in the absence of any better mode of getting rid of it, burning might be feasible. With a small amount of extraneous fuel to start with, it would go on burning of itself. But this process of General Scott rests up to this time on experiment. The Report, like those of previous years, supports the opinion that up to this time no really satisfactory plan of dealing with sewage has been proposed, except that which may be seen in work at Romford—namely, irrigation of a sufficient breadth of land.

TWO DRAMATIC MODELS.

THE English stage has lately shown such signs of revival as to make the hope that we may live to see an English school of acting not wholly extravagant. The artists of the *Comédie Française* have been amongst us, and have taught us to appreciate the exquisite taste and refinement of their performances, and there is a possibility of their visit being repeated. It will be our own fault if we do not profit by the study of such a model. But in a work which, if it is to be well done, must be one of thorough reconstruction, we should not rest without seeking assistance from every likely quarter. The French school of acting supplies us with a pattern after which we may amend our most glaring defects, its strongest points being precisely those which we most neglect. But it is not only in France that we may find matter for our theatrical instruction. The German stage is comparatively very little known to English playgoers; but it has a marked character and excellence of its own, quite worthy of our attention and emulation. It shows us what is the artistic culture of a nation kindred to ourselves, and therefore what we may reasonably aim at making our own. While the French school helps to supply the elements which are deficient in English art, the German school, which has more points of contact with our own temper, and a certain continuity with our own lost traditions, may help us to develop our natural resources. The comparison of the two schools ought to be not unfruitful for those who think it a matter of national importance to rescue one of the most powerful and far-reaching expressions of art from degradation and extinction in the country where, of all others, artistic influences are most needed to relieve the pressure of material cares and individual anxieties.

It is of course impossible for a single observer to do more than contribute partial observations to such a comparison. On the French side there cannot be a moment's doubt whither to turn our eyes. In France the higher dramatic art is one and indivisible, and the *Théâtre Français* is its temple. On the German side there is a tolerably wide choice. Let the lot fall for the present on the Hoftheater of Dresden; a theatre interesting by its position in one of the most artistic and frequented capitals of Germany, by its long-established reputation, by its recent misfortunes, and by the spirit with which they have been encountered. It will be remembered that the house which, together with the Museum and the Hofkirche, so worthily adorned a noble site, was utterly destroyed by fire in 1869. Only the musical instruments and part of the written music were saved. In the following year the war seriously hindered the work of restoration, which however is now being steadily carried forward. In the meanwhile a wooden theatre has been erected hard by, where the players, deprived for the time of their permanent home, exercise their art with undiminished energy and skill, and where the arrangements in regard both to stage management and the comfort of the audience are so perfect that it is difficult to remember they are only temporary. There is no such reverse in the history of the *Comédie Française*. In the troubles of last year its house was untouched, and the partial exile of its members, whose art delighted us in London during the darkest days of Paris, was a new triumph.

There is always a certain risk in formulating general impressions; but we are inclined to say that the characteristic excellence of French acting depends on individuality, and that of German acting on entirety. At Paris the several merits of the performers combine to produce a harmonious whole. The unity of artistic effect is there, but is perceived through its separate elements; the individual is thought of before the State in the artistic community. At Dresden the State seems prior to the individual; the whole effect makes its impression first, and the elements are perceived by decomposing it; one feels the presence of a general idea given by a central intelligence, for the sake of which and through which the parts exist. Or, to put the matter in a less dry and abstract form, one's impulse on coming out of the *Théâtre Français* is to say first, How dignified was Bressant, how brilliant was Delaunay, how tragic was Favart! and the like; and only afterwards to think of the play as a single and complete work of art. But at Dresden one is moved in the first place to admire the organic unity, the never-failing order in all things, the completeness of effect; and afterwards to dwell on the pathos of Frau Bayer, the refined comedy of Jaffé, or the strength and passion of Dettmer. It is not very difficult to find a reason for this. There is of course in a French as well as in a German theatre a common rule of action, and a supreme, indeed almost a despotic, authority. If the discipline of the French army had been of late years as military as the discipline of the French stage, recent events might have turned out very differently. But an individual Frenchman is much more likely to be an actor by nature than the individual German; so, while the task of the guiding mind in a French theatre is to combine and moderate into due concord the different artistic impulses already given in the members of the company, that of a German director is rather to make his own idea a living reality in the acting of those who are to express it. In this respect Dresden is perhaps nearer to us than Paris. What we want to restore the dramatic art in England is a manager not only disinterested and courageous enough to form a high ideal of the work over which he presides, but capable of educating his actors to realize it.

The most curious and instructive performance an English traveller can witness at the Hoftheater of Dresden is perhaps a Shakspearian revival. In his own land Shakspeare maintains a

precarious existence on the stage, which may just be called nearer living than dying. In Germany he rejoices in full and vigorous life, and his words are eagerly caught by listeners who worship him almost as if he were a national hero of their own. Quite recently the *Winter's Tale* was brought out at Dresden with special care and magnificence. It is, one would think, the least practicable of Shakspeare's plays for representation at the present day. The story is impossible, with an impossibility beyond the wildest dreams of modern playwrights; the end is abrupt and unintelligible, and there is a total absence of dramatic construction and proportion. Yet Shakspeare's interpreters at Dresden triumphed over all this, and made the greatness of the poet felt, we need not say more than it is in reading the piece, but in a quite new and different way, and this with much closer fidelity to the author than might have been expected. Some scenes were indeed shortened and transposed, and Bohemia was changed into Arcadia—a very necessary precaution, seeing that the kingdom of Bohemia borders on that of Saxony, and its wholly inland character is matter of the commonest knowledge at Dresden. The taste and constant attention of the ruling powers were singularly conspicuous in the mounting of this piece. Every scene was a picture in which the figures were grouped with a master's skill, and it was a pleasure merely to look upon them. The arrangement of the trial of Hermione in particular was admirable. A crowd of spectators filled the background, but a very different crowd from the helpless and slovenly assemblage of "supers" which would fill the same place at a London theatre. Each person had an individual and expressive look or action; a painter who should choose that scene for his subject could not find a better model. Then the impossibility of the living statue was, if not removed, yet wonderfully softened by scenic ingenuity. Shakspeare's dialogue seemed to lose a great deal of its poetry in the German version, but little or none of its dramatic force. Probably the translation brings the effect for a modern audience all the nearer to what Shakspeare himself aimed at; for three centuries' divergence of our everyday speech from Shakspeare's language has given his words a kind of poetic solemnity, we might almost say a religious character, which they cannot have had for his contemporaries. We have become too much accustomed to forget the dramatic interest in the language; and we can scarcely give our full attention to the dramatic effect except by having the language altered. As to the execution in detail, the principal parts were all well sustained. Above all, Frau Bayer's Paulina was admirable for passion and sustained power; Fräul. Ulrich's Hermione was noble and pathetic; Autolycus was somewhat overdone, but then, with all reverence be it said, he was overdone by Shakspeare himself.

Not less worthy of note, though not so unexpected or singular, is the prominence given to the dramatic element of the opera at Dresden. The action is treated, not as a mere excuse for music and spectacular effects, but as an integral part of a true musical drama; and the same ruling intelligence which secures the embodiment of Shakspeare's creations in a complete and living whole studies with no less care and judgment to present those of Meyerbeer or Wagner without any one-sided preponderance of the beauties of detail which too many spectators—not to say composers—of operas imagine to be the whole. The excellence of the results attained certainly helps to make Wagner's striving after a more intimate union of the two elements intelligible, whatever may be thought of the musical and dogmatic novelties in which it has found expression.

Within a few days of the revival of the *Winter's Tale*, an effort on which an English management would live for a whole season, Wagner's *Rienzi* was produced at the Dresden Theatre with special pomp—"neue einstudirt" in the compendious, if not very pure, language of the announcements. The term is one for which there is no equally brief English equivalent, as the thing expressed by *einstudiren* has unfortunately become nearly foreign to our stage. Though *Rienzi* is an early work, and adheres on the whole to the customary forms of opera, it shows conspicuously enough Wagner's tendency to make the musical drama more dramatic; whether at the expense of making it less musical, we must leave for professed musical critics to settle. Here again the effect was altogether one of organic completeness. The principal personage of *Rienzi* himself might be expected to dwarf everything else, as does that of Peter the Great in *L'Étoile du Nord*, at least when M. Faure plays the part. But it was not so, although *Rienzi* was played by an artist whose stately bearing and commanding dramatic power are not unworthy to compare with M. Faure's. Herr Jäger is a tragedian born to act kings and prophets; his John of Leyden is enough to make one turn Anabaptist for the time; what he has not is that combination of the musical and dramatic faculties which makes M. Faure unrivalled. If he could be sure of singing as well as he acts, he would be one of the first operatic artists in Europe, but an occasional uncertainty in his execution keeps him just short of perfection. Such was the *Rienzi* of the Dresden stage—the central figure, but not more than the central figure, of a living, continuous, and admirably disposed action.

Of German comedy there is not so much to say. In this department French influence is still very marked; but we have something to learn even from the German imitators of the French, for when they take French plays they take them openly, and avoid the clumsy transformations which are a disgrace to English dramatic authorship. The acting does not as a rule aim at the extreme precision of detail which distinguishes the French school. In this, however, an exception must be made in favour of Herr Jaffé, whose comedy

is as perfectly delicate and refined as anything that can be seen at the Théâtre Français. On the other hand, there is a general breadth, freedom, and vigour in the performances which is suggestive to an English spectator. We can never hope to rival the exquisite finish of the French theatre, the product of the national genius cultivated through two centuries of unbroken tradition. The merit of a good German play seems more homely and approachable.

The Théâtre Français has not yet entered on the full activity of its winter season, and no very important novelties are just now before the public. There is a piece by M. Georges Richard, entitled *Les Enfants*, a moral and social drama of which the peculiarity is that the curious, and to an English mind unpleasant, complications which are the staple of Parisian dramas of society are relegated to a period long before the action of the play, and the immediate leading motive consists in the duties of parents to their children. The idea is ingenious, and so is the working out of it in many respects; but, on the whole, one cannot call the success of the piece more than moderate. The elements are somewhat incongruous, and the moral too ostentatious. The passage we remember with most pleasure is a delightful scene of child's-play between the *collégien* who has just won a prize and the sister who seizes him with the design of putting his hair in curl-papers to make him smart for the grand ceremony of the distribution. These are *les enfants* in question, whose rights and wrongs at the hands of their real and supposed parents are the groundwork of the play, and they are charmingly represented by M. Boucher and Madlle. Reichemberg. M. Got carries off some rather long and sententious speeches with admirable skill, and Madlle. A. Blanc, a *débutante*, shows a power which ought to assure her a considerable dramatic future.

But one always recurs with new delight to the masterpieces of the ancient classic Molière and the modern classic De Musset. Any one who stays several days in Paris must be unlucky if he does not find occasion to see specimens of both interpreted at the Théâtre Français. Some of their best pieces will be fresh in the memory of those who saw them last year in London. We have learnt to know on a London stage M. Bressant's noble indignation in *Le Misanthrope*; the gaiety of M. Delaunay and the inimitable humour of M. Got in *Il ne faut jurer de rien*—perhaps the most lively and sparkling of De Musset's plays—and the brilliant wit, the tender poetry, and the vehement passion of *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, certainly the most beautiful and tragic of his compositions. The rendering of this by M. Delaunay and Madlle. Favart is beyond all praise. The terrible despair of her last exclamation at the catastrophe which separates her for ever from the lover whom in her over-confidence she has driven from her, and recalled too late—"Elle est morte! Adieu, Perdican!"—can never be effaced from the memory of any who have heard it. Such performances as these we are never wearied of seeing, and we confess that we can bear with tolerable equanimity to miss the novelties which make the talk of Paris at the time when Londoners are inexorably tied down to their work for the winter. In short, at Paris one returns always with renewed affection to the Théâtre Français, and at the Théâtre Français to the familiar masterpieces.

REVIEWS.

SPEDDING'S BACON.—VOL. VI.*

MR. SPEDDING'S sixth volume takes in the period of Bacon's life from the summer of 1616, when Villiers was raised to the peerage, to the end of 1618. Bacon was made Lord Keeper March 7, 1616-17, Chancellor the following January, and Baron Verulam in July 1618, thus reaching the great place for which he was so eminently fitted, but finding himself yoked unequally with a King like James and a favourite like Villiers, both of whom carried to an exorbitant length their ideas of what they might require of service and deference from those on whom they had claims. During this time happened the miserable end of what might have been a great career, the last expedition and the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh. His commission for the Guiana voyage was signed August 16, 1616. On the 29th October, 1618, he was beheaded in Old Palace Yard. The points of most interest in the volume are Mr. Spedding's comments on the letters and other documents which show Bacon's relations, in his new position, to the King and Buckingham; and an elaborate review of the charges commonly made against James and his counsellors for the proceedings which ended in the execution of Raleigh.

The volume, it need hardly be said, is, like the preceding ones, admirably edited—only too well edited for many of the readers who are likely to use it. The care, patience, vigilance, self-restraint, and accuracy brought by Mr. Spedding to his work are inexhaustible; nothing is assumed, no statement which needs due qualification or proof is left unguarded or unsupported. All difficulties that arise he looks in the face, and what others would pass or slur over he makes a conscience of noticing and meeting. He has spared himself no pains in investigating the minutest fragments which he could meet with of Bacon's history, and he is

* *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon.* By James Spedding. Vol. VI. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

not sparing of space in making his explanations complete. He is plainly determined that any one who hereafter passes judgment on that history shall be obliged to allow that the whole case has been at length put out with a fulness and exactness with which it never was treated before, and shall be obliged also in conscience to give it full attention. Mr. Spedding is quite right. There are few men whose history is entitled to all this trouble; but Bacon is one of the few. His greatness, and the accusations which cast so strange and sad a shadow on his greatness, both justify in the fullest degree the task which Mr. Spedding has imposed on himself, and on which he has thought the labour of a life well spent. But this exhaustiveness does not suit all readers. Mr. Spedding tells us in his preface that he writes, not indeed for "ordinary people," on whom he is sarcastic, but for the "average reader." Only he puts the standard rather high, when he explains—"such a one as one's self." It is not every "average reader" who would wish Mr. Spedding to do to him as Mr. Spedding himself would be done by. It is not every one among those who care to know the truth about Bacon, who also cares, or who has the time, to go into every scrap of evidence relating to him with the minute care which Mr. Spedding bestows on it. After all, there is a measure of too much in matters of this kind. And with all our admiration of Mr. Spedding's work, we cannot help sympathizing with people, not necessarily slovenly readers, but it may be busy ones, who would gladly and not unreasonably have taken on trust Mr. Spedding's judgment in omitting or curtailing a number of explanations which he has thought it incumbent on him to give, but which to the "average reader" seem hardly to need the space bestowed on them.

The period comprised in this volume does not furnish any of the more prominent among the debatable points of Bacon's career. He at last rose to the great place to which he had such undeniable claims, and to which from his own point of view he was perfectly justified in aspiring. He fulfilled its direct and immediate demands as might have been anticipated, with all the power of his great mind, with all the signal ability of a great lawyer—for he was not wrong in thinking himself, as he did, a great lawyer—and with that indefatigable application which in an age of great intellectual industry was so conspicuous. He had not been Lord Keeper three months before he was able to say:—

This day I have made even with the business of the kingdom for common justice. Not one cause unheard. The lawyers drawn dry of all the motions they were to make. Not one petition unanswered. And this I think could not be said in our age before. This I speak not out of ostentation, but out of gladness, when I have done my duty. I know men think I cannot continue, if I should thus oppress myself with business. But that account is made. The duties of life are more than life. And if I die now, I shall die before the world is weary of me, which in our times is somewhat rare.

Bacon was proud of what he could do both as a lawyer and a judge, and delighted in throwing round what was so dry and confused in ordinary hands, and so crabbed and repulsive even in the strong hands of Coke, the light of reason and order. Among his many plans of reform, one of the most obstinately cherished was his great scheme for the amendment of the laws of England. One of his latest acts as Attorney-General was to present to the King his views on this matter, views which he had expounded and enforced years before in Parliament and otherwise; and they are summed up in an elaborate paper which even at this day cannot be improved upon, as a general statement of the need of a reform of the law, and of the course which that reform should take:—

When [says Mr. Spedding] on the 9th of March, 1826, Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, moved for leave to bring in his Bill for the consolidation of the laws relating to theft, he asked permission to use this very paper for the preface of his speech, as comprising in a short compass every argument that could be cited in favour of the measure he proposed to introduce, and satisfactorily confuting every objection that could be brought against it. "The lapse of 250 years has increased," he said, "the necessity of the measure which Lord Bacon then proposed; but it has produced no argument in favour of the principle, no objection adverse to it, which he did not anticipate."

Bacon, conscious that, together with the penetration and learning of inferior men, he brought to his dealing with law gifts of which they had not a trace, was very jealous of his claim to the name of a great lawyer, and was quite ready to challenge the judgment at least of an impartial posterity on a comparison between himself and his rugged and formidable rival. "I do assure your Majesty," he writes at the end of his paper, "that when Sir Edward Coke's Reports and my Rules and Decisions shall come to posterity, there will be (whatever is now thought) question who was the greater lawyer." To administer law fittingly and worthily was his immediate business; but of course he now took his place in the Government, and had to meet the calls that might be made on him as a member of the Council, and the more trying ones which were made on him as a member of James's Court. In the policy of the Government he was allowed but little share—that was in other hands—and though his counsel was given and his pen employed, yet his part in the great business of the State was not allowed by his suspicious and easily offended master to be anything but a subordinate one. Of course it was well to hear what he had to say, and he might have to draw up State Papers admirable for their pregnant and luminous exposition. But Bacon was never admitted into the inner circle in which conclusions were arrived at and decisions adopted which were to prepare the fate of Europe and of England. Great official as he is, he is but a secretary and a draughtsman, and if he is asked for his advice he is expected to give it in conformity with the superior wisdom of a ruler who cannot be mistaken. If he ventures to use his discretion, even though it be about some trifling matter, such as the issuing a proclamation

the object of which had been already accomplished without it, he is at once sharply and peremptorily reminded that he has no business to judge for himself in any affair of Government:—

One of the subjects touched in this report [says Mr. Spedding in his account of the incident] produced a little storm, which, though it blew over, at the time contained a warning to Bacon as to his position and authority with the King so significant that I shall give it a section by itself.

Reading this passage the King could have no doubt that Bacon's judgment was decidedly against the issuing of the proclamation; and if he had meant to be advised by him would have let it pass. But the King expected obedience, not advice. . . . "His Majesty hath commanded me," writes the Secretary Lake to his colleague Winwood, "to let you understand that obedience is better than sacrifice, and that he knoweth he is King of England." . . . Bacon knew from that time how very narrow were the limits of his authority in matters of this nature; how little power he had (even when the influence of Buckingham was not exerted) to oppose the King's resolution when the King had a mind as well as a right to resolve for himself. For nothing had yet occurred to disturb his relations with him, and he had never stood higher in his opinion and favour.

These were the terms on which Bacon had to serve. A great question of policy arose immediately after his appointment, the negotiation about the Spanish match. He, with all that was wisest and most far-sighted in England, as well as with those who were influenced by strong religious antipathies, half reasonable, half fanatical, had been clear in his disapproval of the plan. He had indeed expressed his opinion to the King. But when the King came back again to the subject, and laid it formally before a select body of Councillors, they framed an answer as the King wished to be answered, approving in general the reopening of the negotiations; and Bacon, who had expressed his disapproval of it, now was a party to this approval. He found, Mr. Spedding suggests, the King so committed to the treaty that nothing remained but to consider how it might be safely and honourably carried on:—

The change, I imagine, was not so much in the case itself as in his knowledge of it. It is one thing to advise a man against a particular marriage when you suppose him to stand quite free, and another when you know him to have given the lady just reason to expect an offer.

On which we venture to submit that, taking this rather questionable parallel, James must be supposed to have been quite free, for otherwise he could not have been thinking about a French marriage; and, next, that it is one thing to deal with the lady herself, and quite another to deal, not with the lady, who has nothing to do with the affair, but with the lady's father, who is trying to make the most out of the bargain, and of the offer of his daughter, for objects of his own. Mr. Spedding is too wise a man really to confuse the points of honour in a love passage in private life with a State marriage treaty conducted on the principles of seventeenth-century Courts, and negotiated between Lerma, Gondomar, and James; and he is too knowing to suppose that James either was or professed to be bound by any obligations of honour in the matter. It was a bargain throughout, open to either party to propose, to break off, and to reopen; and the only change was that now James thought he saw his way to better terms than had been open to him before. But no change had appeared in the substantial dangers and misunderstandings, affecting public interests, which were inseparable, as things then were in Spain and in England, from the bargain itself. No one could have known this better than Bacon. But these were matters on which a servant of King James might not have—at least, must not hold—an opinion of his own. All that Bacon could do, besides acquiescing in the acquiescence of the Council, was to point out certain advantages—and of course there were some—to the general commonwealth of Christendom, which might be gained from a closer friendship between Spain and England. Among them is a proposal "to erect a tribunal or pretorian power to decide the controversies which may arise among the princes and estates of Christendom, without effusion of Christian blood"; another to blockade Constantinople by sea, and put an end to the Turkish power; and a third, "that whereas there doth, as it were, creep upon the ground in some places to make popular estates and leagues to the disadvantage of monarchies, the conjunction of these two Kings will be able to stop and impede the growth of any such evil." The advice is characteristic both of Bacon's largeness of mind and of his political antipathies. He also gave another piece of advice, relevant of course to the easier despatch of business, but illustrative also of his conception of the duties of a Council, and of the claims which the King had on them. Informing the King of the division of opinion in the Council on the subject, and foreseeing the inconvenience, if the "Council draw not all one way," of fostering dissatisfaction and adverse criticism in the public mind, he recommends the King, who hardly needed such urging, to write a "formal letter" to the body of the Council, signifying his resolution in general; so that "when deliberation shall be turned into resolution, no man (howsoever he may retain the inwardness of his opinion) may be active in contrarium." The alternative that, under such circumstances, a Councillor who "retained the inwardness of his opinion" on a great and vital point of policy should of his own accord resign his place, and cease to be a Councillor, and should show his faithfulness and loyalty by refusing to be a party to what in his heart he thought wrong and dangerous, did not present itself on Bacon's theory of service.

It was the theory of his age; it was certainly the only theory on which James would allow any one but a favourite to serve the Crown; it was undoubtedly the only theory of service on which Bacon could have gained the opportunity which he wanted to do public service to his generation. It was a theory on which his own

"inwardness of opinion" was necessarily left uncertain on capital points of policy and government; for his business, on this view of his duty, was to help to do as well as could be done whatever the King wished, and to put the best face on it. It was a theory on which he thought it not strange to receive rebukes from the King and mortifications from the favourite for doing in his official capacity what he had supposed to be obviously right and reasonable. In the proposed match between Buckingham's brother and Sir Edward Coke's daughter, and in the family quarrels and scandals that ensued, the Lord Keeper had to guess at the wishes and inclinations of the Court; and, guessing wrong, he was nearly ruined, and escaped only by humble apologies for having, in his discretion as a Councillor, made a mistake in the side which he took. What he really thought of the wretched proceedings which ended Raleigh's career no one can tell; all we know is that he was thoroughly master of all that could be said against Raleigh—and Mr. Spedding is right in saying that this was a great deal—and that, in order to put the Government right with the nation, he wrote a very forcible and, so far as a one-sided statement can be accurate, a very accurate account of Raleigh's errors and misdoings. There is not the least reason to doubt that Bacon thought Raleigh without excuse or justification in the manner in which he had conducted the expedition. Nor, indeed, can we see much reason for disagreeing with him, or with Mr. Spedding, who has missed no point in aggravating the charge against Raleigh, in their condemnation of Raleigh's behaviour throughout the business. But Mr. Spedding does not seem to be duly sensible that this is not the whole of the case. It is not only Raleigh's faults which are in question, but the proceedings of those who sent him out. Putting aside the character of his first trial and condemnation, what can possibly be said of the monstrous contempt both of law and righteousness exhibited in the commission itself? An attainted and condemned traitor, not good enough to be pardoned after all that he had suffered in imprisonment and ruin of his fortunes, is yet good enough to bear the King's commission, and be entrusted with the command of the King's subjects and the honour of the English flag. A prisoner thirsting for liberty and the power of action is allowed to stake his life against the chance of a gold mine, with the deliberate reservation of the claim to exact his life on his return, if for any reason it should be thought desirable to take it. Everybody knew what Raleigh was, and everybody knew the risks inherent in the enterprise; they knew that he was a desperate man, and they knew that where he was going he was sure to meet Spaniards, and when Spaniards and Englishmen met in the Indies blood was sure to flow. These likelihoods and hazards were on the face of the matter; they were pressed on James and his servants by Gondomar with the greatest earnestness; from what all the world knew of Raleigh's mind and of the conditions of the scene of his intended enterprise, Gondomar predicted what must be the result; nor, indeed, were the words which Raleigh let fall before he sailed of a nature to make those who knew him secure against these risks. But the lure of the gold mine was as irresistible to James as to the adventurers over whom he gave Raleigh, a respite temporarily out of prison, power of life and death. With their eyes open the Government chose to run the risk; if gold came back, the venture would, as Raleigh said, be worth the risk; if it did not, there was Raleigh's life to satisfy the Spaniards. They had made themselves safe by the terms of the commission. Quite apart from the end of the business, quite apart from the alleged dishonour of sacrificing a great Englishman to Spanish vengeance, which might, if justice had called for it, have been a brave and righteous act, and from the revolting search after legal machinery whereby a man who was too dead in law to be tried for his crime could yet be executed for it—an application of the fictions of law to practical and sanguinary purposes which is perhaps without parallel in our history—quite apart from all this, the issue of a commission itself was an act in which greediness prompted the meanest and most detestable shiftiness and double dealing. Making Raleigh as black as the Declaration makes him will not save the character of him who knew what an instrument he was employing, and yet deliberately employed him, deliberately also reserving the right to put him to death if for any reason it was convenient. What Bacon's part in the business was it is impossible to say; for in all the transactions of this period, out of his own Court of Chancery, he appears as simply carrying out the orders and directions of a supreme wisdom which it was his duty to revere and obey. But that was the Government which Bacon served.

Was it worthy of a great man, of a great man like Bacon, to serve such a King as James, and on such terms? to allow himself to be blind to all that was base and crooked in a policy for which he, with his transcendent genius, had to find the machinery, and of which he had to be the mouthpiece? to write as if he really believed James to be a second Solomon, and Buckingham to be a phoenix of all nobleness and generosity? to be the obsequious Minister of such a King, and the extravagant flatterer of such a favourite? The answer is, that only on such terms could he fulfil his heart's desire, and serve, as he knew he could serve, the public interests of England. To which we venture to ask in return, in what would England be the worse if her history had been without Bacon's public career and services? Public life is a noble ambition, and it was Bacon's. He knew he had the faculties for it—knowledge, insight, power of exposition, grasp of principles—in altogether different measure from other men; and he felt that for such gifts a man was answerable. This is all true. But those

very gifts at which we all still wonder make it the more impossible that Bacon did not see, in James's character and policy, what was so obviously on the surface, the mixture of fair intentions with a folly and meanness which made everything little and poor that came near him. That was an age of compliments and flattery; it was an age, too, of submissions and compliances which to us, who will in turn in these things have to be judged by our successors, are simply incomprehensible in men of honesty and self-respect. But who shall say that men were not then alive to true greatness, and to its difference from what conventionally passed for such? And could Bacon in his heart take what he saw in James's court for real greatness? Again and again in these volumes the question recurs—and we do not see that Mr. Spedding has satisfactorily answered it—was it wise for Bacon, with all his enthusiastic desire to serve the public, to serve it in place and power on such terms? It is a question on which it seems to us that many an obscure, sour Puritan, kept out of employment by some stupid crotchet of a narrow but honest conscience, came to a better decision than Bacon. Will any one say that if Bacon, renouncing public life because of what it involved, had given himself up to do what he could do by word and thought and writing to improve England as he improved the methods of knowledge, speaking as freely and independently on government and law as he spoke on philosophy, he would not have come down to us with far greater claims on our reverence and admiration than he has done, after all allowances made for the character of his times, as the great Lord Chancellor who adorned James's Government and was ruined by his connexion with it?

SOULE'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS.*

THIS is a book which, like the *Art of Paraphrasing* and the three hundred and sixty editions of Mr. Butter, lets us behind the scenes. The professors of the grand style, like the Freemasons, are really too liberal in letting us know the hidden things of their art and mystery. Ancient philosophers used to dispute whether virtue could be taught; others have held that reading and writing come by nature; at all events the lovers of big words without meaning plainly think that the art of using them with effect does not come by nature, and that it may be taught by means of a book. The author of the *Art of Paraphrasing* gave some sound rules to guide his pupils in the art of turning good English into bad. Mr. Soule now undertakes the same task on a grander scale. It is not a school-book that he gives us, but a goodly octavo. His labours are plainly meant, not for children or young folk of any kind, but for writers of books and speakers of speeches. The preface shows us without doubt what the object is, and the book itself goes on throughout in a manner worthy of the preface. The object of Mr. Soule's book of synonyms is the exact opposite of the object of any book of synonyms that we ever saw before. The object of earlier writers on synonyms, at all events of those among them who have successively held the Archbishopric of Dublin, has been to point out distinctions in the meanings of words, and thereby to lead to clearness and accuracy in their use. Archbishop Whately made the treatment of synonyms into a means of drawing out a great many very curious distinctions. Strict people thought that some of his subtleties trembled, to say the least, on the brink of heterodoxy; but no one could deny that he said many clever and some caustic things, and did a good deal to set people thinking. Archbishop Trench did not quite take the line of his predecessor, but he traced out the history of the use of many words with great skill, and he always contrived to draw a good moral from every change or caprice of language. It is quite certain that a man who thinks over the distinctions drawn by either of the Archbishops will use words more carefully, and with a clearer sense of their meaning, than he did before. Now the object of Mr. Soule, unless he does himself very great injustice, is to teach people to do the very thing which the two Archbishops wished to keep them from doing. He would not of course say so, but his practical object is to teach people to use words without any regard to their meaning, simply in order to make sentences sound finer. It is all very well to put in the title-page a motto from Professor Seeley, telling us that "The exertion of clothing a thought in a completely new set of words increases both clearness of thought and mastery over words"; and which adds, "It is the test of a solid thought that it will bear a change of clothing." We do not remember where in Professor Seeley's writings this passage comes; we therefore do not know how far it may be modified by the context. As the passage stands by itself, it is eminently true of translating from one language into another, but it seems to us to need some qualification as applied to changes of expression within the same language. The converse of Mr. Seeley's doctrine seems to us more nearly true than the doctrine itself. A thought which is not, to use Mr. Seeley's phrase, solid, will certainly not bear the test of a change of clothing; but it often happens that a thought will not bear the change of clothing, not because it is not solid, but because it is. There can be no better test for a grand sentence full of big words than to change its clothing, or rather to strip off its clothing, and to see whether it means anything when it is done into plain English. It was a shrewd man who cried out from the crowd to the stump orator on the hustings, "And pray what may that be

* A Dictionary of English Synonyms and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions, designed as a Practical Guide to Aptness and Variety of Phraseology. By Richard Soule. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

when its byed and peeled?" Let any one try to boil and peel a Queen's Speech, an official answer from any public department, or one of the highest rhetorical flights of Mr. Disraeli. In these cases of course the thing is done on purpose; language is expressly used to hide the speaker's meaning, or his lack of meaning. But as a mere matter of composition it makes no difference with what motive a man puts together sentences which will not stand boiling and peeling; the sentences themselves are there all the same. A thought which will not stand a change of clothing of this kind is clearly not a solid thought. But, on the other hand, there are sentences which are so plainly made up of the right words, and the only right words, that they cannot bear the change of clothing for the exactly opposite reason. They have been boiled and peeled already, and no new and artificial skin will fit them. The author has shown his clearness of thought and his mastery over words by clothing his thought in such words that no exertion can clothe it in a completely new set of words without clothing it for the worse. But, whatever may be Mr. Seeley's meaning, there is at least no doubt as to Mr. Soule's meaning; or, if there may be a doubt as to his meaning, there can be none as to the practical result of his teaching. But we will let Mr. Soule speak for himself. He tells us in the first two paragraphs of his preface:—

The main design of this Dictionary is to provide a ready means of assistance when one is at a loss for a word or an expression that best suits a particular turn of thought or mood of the mind, or that may obviate an ungraceful repetition. Even practised and skilful writers are sometimes embarrassed in the endeavor to make a sentence more clear, simple, terse, or rhythmical, by the substitution of one form of diction for another. It is presumed that they, as well as novices in composition, will find the present work useful in overcoming difficulties of this sort.

As to the method of using it: Whenever a doubt arises in regard to the fitness of any word, and a better one is not readily suggested, let the writer turn to this work in its alphabetical place. Under it will be found the words and phrases, or some clew to the words and phrases, which, in any connection, have the same meaning as itself, or a meaning very nearly the same. That one of them which comes nearest to expressing the exact shade of thought in the writer's mind, will be likely to arrest the attention and determine the choice.

Now we are quite familiar with the process of reading over a sentence and putting plain English words in the place of any long Latin words which may have crept in unawares; but it would never have come into our heads to look in a dictionary "for a word or an expression that best suits a particular turn of thought or mood of the mind," and least of all for one "that may obviate an ungraceful repetition." We really think that, if a man cannot express the turns of his thoughts or the moods of his mind without turning to a dictionary for the purpose, he had better give up writing and speaking for the public altogether. And as for the process which it seems is called in the grand style "obviating an ungraceful repetition," we suspect that it means nothing less than wiping out one of the chief sources of strength and clearness of style. There is no surer sign of a bad writer than the deadly fear in which some people seem to live of using the same word twice in the same sentence. They talk about "he" and "who" and "which" and "the former" and "the latter" and "that gentleman" and "the individual alluded to" till we lose all clue to what they are talking about; while Lord Macaulay would have kept his meaning perfectly clear by calling the man or the thing by its own name a dozen times, if need be, in the same sentence. We fancy that by "obviating an ungraceful repetition" Mr. Soule means that, if we have to talk about "beginning" three times very near together, we must not venture to say "beginning" three times, but must speak the first time perhaps of "beginning," the second time of "commencement," and the third, by way of climax, of "initiation" or "inauguration." We are bound however to say that, if we look in Mr. Soule's Dictionary under the word "beginning," we shall find a somewhat different choice of synonyms. If any new revisers of the Old and New Testament should wish to improve the first sentences of the Book of Genesis and of the Gospel of St. John, Mr. Soule gives them the choice of many words, some of which are certainly plain English enough. The synonyms of "beginning" are "commencement, outset, opening, start, origin, source, rise." But the grand style has its revenge when we look out "inauguration." The synonyms of that stately word are ranged in three groups, the third of which is made up of "commencement, beginning, inauguration." We might have thought that the appearance of "inauguration" in this last case was an example of "ungraceful repetition," but perhaps the word "inauguration" is so dignified that nothing but itself can fittingly be its own synonym. Yet under "initiation" we find, beside two other groups, the synonyms "beginning, inauguration"; while under the verb "initiate" we find again three groups:—

1. Introduce, give entrance to.
2. Indoctinate, instruct, teach.
3. Begin, commence, inaugurate, enter upon.

In the same way Mr. Soule gives us a wide choice if we wish to avoid the ungraceful repetition of talking too often about a "man." We may talk about "person, individual, body, somebody, one, personage, soul, living soul, some one, human being." We are glad to see the good word "body" allowed a chance; but where is "party," which however, it should not be forgotten, has for it the authority of the book of Tobit, at all events in the case of those who are possessed with devils? However, as in the case of "inauguration," the wrong is quite made up when we get to the "party" himself, for in his case ungraceful repetition may be obviated by talking of "person, individual, man, one, somebody, some one." But if the man or body or individual or party

should ever be brought so low—as may happen, *στέππῃ γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ*—that he "must" do something or other, he may comfort himself in his bondage by using the longer phrases of "be obliged to, be required to, be necessitated to, be under the necessity of." If he marries, he can "enter into the married state," or, grander still, "assume the conjugal relation," to say nothing of such ceremonial functions as "leading to the altar," and "bestowing his hand." Is he sick?—a good word which the United States have not cast away—he has a grand stock of words to set forth his evil case. He has "illness, disease, disorder, malady, complaint, ail, ailment, indisposition." Is his sickness unto death? His mourning friends may speak of his "decease, demise (!), dying, dissolution, departure, exit, end of life, King of terrors, debt of nature," and instead of burying him, they may "inter, inhume, inurn"—do they burn dead bodies at Boston?—"lay in the grave, consign to the grave." "Man," as we have seen, has many synonymous words, but "woman" is left out altogether; the word is perhaps too unrefined for the professors of the highest style of eloquence. And we are the more inclined to think so because "womanhood" is to be exchanged for three words, not one of which we remember to have seen before, even in the *Daily Telegraph*. These are "muliebrity, feminality, femineity." Mary Stuart, at her beheading, asked, "in regard to womanhood," that she might have some of her own women about her at her death. If she had had the advantage of studying Mr. Soule, she might have made her request "in consideration of muliebrity." At any rate we are glad that "leg" and "limb" are not put as synonyms, that a bull is not described as a "gentleman-cow," and that the adjectives "Church" and "Gospel" are not to be found. On the other hand Mr. Soule helps us to the adjective "mammoth," whose synonyms are "gigantic" and "very large."

Mr. Soule would probably say that his meaning is something quite different from all that we have been saying, that he does not mean all these different synonyms to be used at random, but that each man is to pick out the word which best expresses his own particular shade of meaning. We answer that many of the synonyms given are words which ought never to be used at all, while others are words which are in no way synonyms of the words with which they are yoked together. What shade of meaning can there be which is best expressed by "muliebrity"? Under what circumstances can it be right to call a man's death his "demise"? And supposing every word given to be such that, in some particular case, it would be the right word, how can Mr. Soule cherish such a Utopian dream as that people will pick out the right word? The kind of being who would use such a Dictionary at all is perfectly certain to pay no attention whatever to any distinction of the kind, but simply to take whatever word seems grandest. The book is to English prose something like what the mischievous old Gradus was to Latin verse. It is, as we began by saying, a help to turn good English into bad, a means of teaching people to choose the words which are least suited to express what they wish. The book would hardly have been worth noticing except that the mere fact that a book of this kind of such a size as the *Dictionary of Synonyms* can be thought a likely speculation by author or publisher shows how deeply rooted is the evil against which lovers of good English have to struggle.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT.*

THE old order of things changes only too rapidly; and Captain Marryat declares somewhere in these volumes—speaking, we presume, in a comparative sense—that his novels have ceased to sell. We suppose it to be possible, therefore, little as we can realize such a state of things, that the present generation of schoolboys does not regard Captain Marryat's novels as decidedly superior to all other human compositions. In our youthful imagination Peter Simple was a greater hero than even such an established favourite as Robinson Crusoe; and Captain Marryat stood on a distinctly higher literary level than Scott, Fielding, Smollett, or even Dickens. If our enthusiasm was never pushed to the point of running away to sea, we attribute our escape in great measure to the counter-irritation fortunately set up by a perusal of the thrilling adventures of Charles O'Malley. The naval heroes, however, are more suitable to the boyish fancy than even those splendid dragoons who fought, and drank, and sang, and made love with such incredible vivacity in Lever's earlier stories. The author of a book that one has loved when a boy seems to be removed to an indefinite distance, and it requires some effort of mind to reconcile oneself to the fact that, if Captain Marryat were still living, he would be only eighty years of age. When we have reconciled ourselves to the dates, we feel a desire to know something more of one who has given us so much pleasure, and we feel that plenty of information ought to be still obtainable. Yet, as a matter of fact, our mental picture of Captain Marryat has hitherto been a very vague one, and, with the exception of an article by one of his friends which appeared some years ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*, we have never seen anything like a personal description of him. He was well acquainted with Dickens, Stanfield, Macready, Mr. Forster, and other well-known men who are either still living or have but recently left us; and we know not why his figure should seem dimmer than that of most of his contemporaries.

* *Life and Letters of Captain Marryat*. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church). London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

At any rate we admit that his daughter needs no apology for putting together a few sketches of his life, though we are a little disappointed with the result.

Mrs. Ross Church does not, she says, claim for her work "a place upon the bookshelf beside such complete memoirs as those of Thackeray and Dickens." We know not to what memoir of Thackeray she can be alluding; for certainly none that can be called complete has appeared; but her biography is certainly not of the same stamp as that of Dickens. It is curiously fragmentary. Captain Marryat's correspondence, as his daughter tells us, is "mostly lost or destroyed"; and she has had nothing to go upon beyond a few "private letters and vague remembrances," with the account of her father's public services. Under these circumstances we doubt whether it would not have been better to publish the book in some shape a little less provocative of comparisons with biographies of the ordinary type. The scantiness of the materials has apparently induced her to publish a great deal which is of very little interest to any one. A number of the letters are mere hasty scrawls about topics which had probably little interest for the public at any time, and which have now become hopelessly faded; whilst at the same time there are so many excisions and so many blanks in place of proper names, that the little interest left is still further diminished. We do not, for example, care much to be informed at the present day that in the year 1839 Captain Marryat saw Dr. — at a friend's, and was told by her (the friend) that the Doctor had been for six months courting a rich lady, who would not have him. At the time the news may have been exciting to the Doctor's acquaintance; but to us, to whom he has become a mere anonymous dash, what does it matter? By cutting out information of this kind we suspect that the two volumes might easily have been compressed into one, which would have been easier reading. If much material has become antiquated, a good deal that might apparently have been used is not antiquated enough. We evidently have not Captain Marryat's real life. We have vague intimations of domestic troubles of various kinds, and we rather guess than infer that it has been necessary to leave out the events upon which Marryat's life really hinged in order to spare the feelings of survivors. We applaud a reticence which we could wish to see more generally imitated; but it gives a certain incoherence to the narrative. Odd chasms occur just where our curiosity is raised, and the gaps are filled up at times by very inferior matter; such, for example, as feeble contemporary criticisms, the preservation of which may be due to filial piety, but which should hardly have been bestowed on the public. The book, indeed, has been stitched together in a very artificial manner. There are abrupt transitions in subject for which we can hardly account, and odd symptoms of forgetfulness. We are told, for example, in one place that a facsimile of Captain Marryat's handwriting, which, it seems, was remarkable for its minuteness, is given in the volume. It nowhere appears, unless it is so minute as to have escaped our researches. And we are slightly puzzled by such a statement as the following. In 1835, we are told, with sudden emphasis, Captain Marryat left England with all his family; in his own words, "not one day was our departure postponed." But why he departed, or why he should have postponed his departure, or what is the meaning of his resolution not to postpone it, is left entirely to our imagination.

From the materials, however, such as they are, we get, if not a complete portrait, at least some lively touches in illustration of Captain Marryat's character. The general nature of the earlier part of his career is of course obvious to all the readers of his novels. He has left a better autobiography in such books as *Peter Simple* than any which can be composed for him. He appears, indeed, to have been brought up in the very best school for naval adventures that perhaps ever existed. He served for three years as a midshipman on board the *Impériuse* under Lord Cochrane, and in the course of that time he witnessed more than fifty engagements, and performed many of the feats which he afterwards ascribed to the heroes of his stories. He several times saved lives with great gallantry; he was left for dead on at least one occasion, and accumulated experience enough to stock an even more fertile novelist for life. This, for example, is his log for April, 1808:—On the 1st, the *Impériuse* detained an American brig; on the 2nd, took and blew up a Spanish tower; on the 5th, cut out a brig from under a battery; on the 8th, took a brig laden with wine and carried her into Gibraltar; on the 11th, took a Spanish sloop; on the 13th, engaged some batteries and barracks; on the 21st, took and destroyed a tower of three guns; on the 28th, landed for water and was beaten off; on the 30th, engaged a battery—and so the journal continues, with actions of a more serious nature occasionally interspersed; such, for example, as the defence of the castle of Rosas for six weeks against the French army, with a handful of sailors. Lord Cochrane's marvellous combination of coolness, audacity, and prudence was well calculated to impress the imagination of the youthful novelist. After the end of the war Marryat took to scientific studies, and seems to have done good service, as well as secured considerable profit, by inventing the code of signals for merchant vessels of all nations. He served again with distinction, though for the last time, in the Burmese war. His promotion was stopped, according to an anecdote here given, by William IV. His Majesty had been much delighted by *Peter Simple*, and received him very graciously in person. Soon afterwards, however, on a request being made for the Captain's promotion, he asked whether Marryat had not written a book against the im-

pressionment of seamen. On hearing that he had been guilty of that atrocity, His Majesty graciously remarked, "Then he shall have nothing"; and the Royal wishes were strictly observed. Marryat, thus debarred from pursuing his profession, appears to have divided his time between farming, literature, politics, and travelling. Of his literary pursuits we need say nothing, except that they were carried on successfully through the intervals of a singularly versatile and active career. As already observed, we have very little explanation given of the motives for his abrupt changes of life. At one moment we find him trying for a seat in Parliament, and scandalizing a constituent who at a public meeting asked him his opinion of flogging, by declaring, with a candour more characteristic of a sailor than of a candidate, that he would flog the said constituent or any of his sons if they committed a breach of discipline on board any ship of his. This does not appear to have suited the taste of the Tower Hamlets. Then he becomes an energetic editor, writing novels and quarrelling with publishers with amazing vivacity. Presently, for no reason assigned, he is off to the Continent, for a year or two, and then, with equal abruptness, he goes to America for two years, in order—that at least is the only reason given—to discover whether the faults of the Swiss are owing to their democracy or their natural corruption. Captain Marryat found the Americans at the very height of that extreme soreness provoked by Mrs. Trollope and others, which we hope has recently declined a little. He was the centre of observation, was pelted by anonymous and other correspondents almost to distraction, and generally lionized within an inch of his life. He was involved in endless controversies by his supposed indiscretion in proposing the health of the officers who cut out the *Caroline*; and we are treated to a number of letters, articles, and after-dinner speeches which arise from this suspicious circumstance. In short, he underwent a persecution equal to that which beset Dickens on his first journey; and, in reading it, we are really inclined to think that our cousins have made a little progress since those days. They are not quite so touchy and so eager about British opinion, and we will venture to hope that their improvement may continue. Returning to England, Captain Marryat, after various oscillations, and brief appearances in London society, settled down to farming. He has recorded the opinion that an old sailor generally makes a good farmer, but the nature of his practical experience may be inferred from the following statement taken at random from his accounts. In 1842 his total receipts were 154*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, and his expenditure 1,687*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* In 1846 his receipts had risen to 898*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and his expenditure to 2,023*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* It is no wonder that his literary successes were hardly sufficient to keep him out of difficulty, especially as he had a large family, and appears to have been in the habit of giving away all his belongings with reckless generosity. His house, we are told, was at one time full of curiosities brought from all quarters of the globe, for he had a fine natural taste in art of all kinds; but before his death he had given away everything, and not a scrap remained to his family.

In short, he was a more typical sailor than any he has described; warm-hearted, recklessly generous, impetuous, versatile, and at once full of resources and always plunged in difficulties enough to test to the utmost his buoyancy of spirit. His manners were apt to be brusque and rather alarming; but he was gentle at bottom, and passionately fond of children. He held a kind of inspection of his family every week, in which he gave presents to his children to reward them if they had been good, and presents to those who had been naughty to console them, and presents to the governess to reconcile her to this infraction of proper discipline. He would burst into his brother's room at three o'clock in the morning to propose that they should immediately start for Austria and make their fortunes by buying land in Hungary, or camp out in the Desert for three years, and would be gravely indignant when his victim begged to go to sleep again—a story, by the way, which is oddly parallel to one told of Balzac. Such anecdotes make us wish that some competent observer had described him before the memory of his talents and his eccentricities, his kindness and his irascibility, had grown faint with time. As it is, we must be content with the inadequate but interesting sketch before us. In the last year of his life his health suddenly broke up, and his spirits were prostrated by the loss of his son, a promising young man, on board the *Avenger*, which was lost with nearly all hands in the Mediterranean. He died in August 1848, having for some time been almost unconscious of what was passing around him.

HOLMES AND HESLOP ON DEMOSTHENES.*

WITHIN the last few months important additions have been made to the means which an English scholar has of mastering the Greek of Demosthenes, in the editions of the *De Coronâ* by Mr. Holmes, and the *De falsâ Legatione* by Mr. Heslop. Taking the two volumes either in the order of their appearance, or according to the dates of the original delivery of the speeches, we should be constrained to set "The Embassy" first, as being what Mr. Heslop

* *Demosthenis De Coronâ*. With English Notes. By the Rev. Arthur Holmes, Senior Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge.

Demosthenis Orationes Privatae. "The Embassy." Edited by G. H. Heslop, M.A., late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford, Head Master of St. Bees. "Catena Classicorum" Series. London, &c.: Rivingtons. 1872.

and calls "the first round of the great duel which was fought out twelve years afterwards to the utter overthrow of Æschines"; but in truth the interest of the speech "On the Crown," "the greatest effort of the greatest orator," is potent enough to absorb that of the earlier oration; and so Mr. Heslop's labours are perhaps at some disadvantage as compared with those of Mr. Holmes. Though the former has, so far as our observation goes, performed his editorial function faithfully and ably, it has to be borne in mind that for the most part he had the assistance of the previous labours of Mr. Shilleto, the editor of a valuable edition of "The Embassy"; whereas, in presenting to us the *De Coronâ*, Mr. Holmes has no such acknowledged master to swear by, and has consequently had to rely more upon his own critical acumen and his own scholarship. It must not indeed be supposed that he has at all ignored the labours of the editors and commentators who have gone before him; far from it. But in his more difficult task he has displayed more of the master's tact, and perhaps his coadjutor in editing Demosthenes for the "Catena" seems of less account beside one who has the prestige of having undertaken "the bigger contract."

Both deserve a welcome. There is abundant room for useful and handy editions of the chief orations of Demosthenes. In our early days, beside the notes of E. H. Barker's school edition of "The Crown," and the *Philippics* and *Olynthiacs*, there was little help for the student within reach. In some schools he was set face to face with a Tauchnitz or a Dindorf's text, and no other help for him but his lexicon. Happy then was the lad who might chance upon the Latin version of Wolf, which indeed, as corrected by Castelli, is a seldom-failing light to the interpretation of dark passages.

But when we remember how many aspirants to forensic fame in modern days have held it a part of their preparation to translate "The Crown," and how goodly is the list of its translators, beginning with Henry Brougham, and ending with the late Mr. William Brandt, whose version (published by Longmans in 1870) lies before us as we write, the marvel seems to be how few misapprehensions of the orator's meaning occur in any of these experiments, considering the difficulty of the Greek in many places, and the absence to a great extent of handy practical commentary. The biographies of some of our greatest lawyers record their early debt to the practice of translation for the formation of a style. Sir Samuel Romilly, though he despaired of mastering Greek, rendered into English in his early days the finest models of writing that the Latin language afforded, and he was probably familiar, through the Latin, with the oration "On the Crown." So too with Lord Kingdown and many others; for Lord Brougham's literary effort was by no means so exceptional an effort of classical translation as is apt to be supposed. The practice indeed cannot be too strongly recommended; and the obstacles to it are likely to be less formidable in proportion to the multiplication of such editions of *chef-d'œuvre* of classical eloquence as those now before us. It would be unfair to Mr. Whiston to deny that his edition of Demosthenes in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, especially the second volume of it, is a step in advance of what had gone before, both as to clearness of interpretation and the collateral matter contained in the footnotes. But in Mr. Holmes's work, so far as it goes, there is more precision, certainty, and firmness of hand; we find a scholarship never at fault, an historical eye which sees over the whole field of the political area occupied by Philip of Macedon and the great orator whose business in life was to combat and thwart him, and an acuteness of criticism sufficing to discriminate between the valuable and the worthless matter in the commentaries of previous editors.

Of the speech itself and its famous *loci classici* of eloquence and invective it is scarcely necessary to speak. To do full justice to these the reader must go to the fountain-head; and he must have for commentator and guide one whose mind is clearly made up, so that there may be no doubt or hesitation as to the sense of the words and sentences which claim his admiration. In the grand outburst where Demosthenes assures his audience that his policy and teaching agree with their own hereditary instincts, and swears it by the memory of their forefathers' intrepidity, rather than their success, against the Persians (§ 208-9, &c.), Mr. Holmes is careful to smooth every difficulty; and in the vivid picture of the excitement of Athens on the receipt of the news of Philip's occupation of Elatea (§ 169-70) he does good service in weighing the likeliest meaning of certain words which are important accessories of the picture. Few descriptions in the whole range of rhetoric or eloquence can match with that of the Prytanes on receipt of the news at supper, proceeding at once to clear the agora by driving the shopkeepers from their booths in it, and (as Mr. Holmes holds to be the true meaning of τὰ γέγρα ιντιμπαρὰν) setting fire, not to the sheds, but to the hurdles which fenced strangers off from the area of assembly, so as to accommodate such a monster meeting as it was evident the occasion would convolve. The sequel on the morrow morning is told no less pictorially. Another feature of this great oration which receives due illustration in this edition is the vituperation of his opponent in which Demosthenes indulges without reserve or compunction. Exceeding utterly the license of modern practice, it can only plead for toleration on the score of precedent and provocation. The passage (§ 127-30) in which Demosthenes descends, so to speak, to the sink and the kennel to rake up Æschines' parentage and antecedents, and twits his rival with being "a fine model for a sculptor, and a tiptop walking gentleman" (τὸν καλὸν ἀνδριάντα καὶ τριταγωνιστὴν ἄκρον, § 129), even if it had not precise parallels in other parts of the

speech, or were not provoked by similar personalities in the speech of Æschines against Ctesiphon, would be found to be quite consistent with the offensive language used by Demosthenes against Æschines in the speech on "The Embassy" twelve years before, where, as Mr. Heslop notes at section 237, the allusions to "perfumebowes and tambourines," which figure here also, have reference to the trade of the mother of Æschines, Aphobetus, and Philochares. It is a curious problem how the high cultivation of Athens could consist with such personalities as one orator's calling another δειλὸς γραμματεὺς, "a brute of a secretary" (*De Coronâ*, § 127), and "a rascal and villain and—clerk" (παντοῦρος καὶ θεοὺς ἐχθρὸς καὶ—γραμματεὺς, *De Falsâ Legat.*, § 98), and being admired and applauded to the echo. "What would you say," was Æschines' own comment on the "Crown" oration, "if you had heard the fellow himself speak it?" In reading the speech a student seems to need the company of an exact annotator to assure him that his ears, or eyes, or powers of translation are not misleading him when he finds one advocate letting loose upon another a flood of epithets so utterly beyond the widest license of modern political discussion.

That Mr. Holmes supplies the want indicated we shall proceed to show in one or two examples of exact interpretation, having first glanced at the calm tenor of his judgment on one or two moot points connected with the speech itself. As to the instances of suspicious veracity in it, which it is the fashion to set down as blundering perversions of fact, Mr. Holmes regards them as "statements just true to the letter," concessions to the demand of Athenian critical ears. On τὴν δὲ οὐδὲν οὐδαμῶς, a pretty unreserved disclaimer, in § 21-2, all to which the orator commits himself is that he never declared himself in favour of the peace proposed by Philocrates. He is to be understood to limit himself to the original peace of B.C. 346, not to that of Cheronæia. And when he uses the very bold averment (§ 23), οὐτε γὰρ ἦν πρεσβεία—*rôte*, this is quite susceptible, we think, of the explanation given by Mr. Holmes, that the orator treats a practically ended and defunct mission as really no longer in existence. It seems reasonable that when two such giants in the war of words were pitted against each other, we should not hold them to more than literal strictness of statement, or require the revelation of the artifices involved in their adroit management of their triply-edged tool. The question of the genuineness or spuriousness of all the decrees and letters in this oration is one on which many predecessors of Mr. Holmes have found a field for their acumen; and the bias of opinion is decidedly against the greater part of them. Perhaps the game is hardly worth the candle, for there are so many signs of later Greek, improbable wording, and historical discrepancies, that it might be safe to condemn them summarily and once for all. But our editor does good service by his minute examination of each of them, the result being to confirm an adverse verdict which it would have been unsatisfactory to find on less established grounds. The spuriousness of Philip's "Letter to the Senate and Commons of Athens" (§ 77-8), which is accepted by C. R. Kennedy, and defended by Vömel and Böhneke, may be taken as of the same ascertained character with the rest of these documents. And the mention by Philip of the siege of Selymbria, nowhere else so much as mentioned in historical record, is a damning evidence of forgery.

On the words of § 83, ἀναρρήντος ἐν τῇ διάτρῃ τοῦ στεφάνου, καὶ δευτέρου κρηθγματος ἦν μοι τούτου γιγνομένου, Mr. Holmes points out with much lucidity the question at issue betwixt the rival orators concerning the proclamation of a crown in the theatre, which, according to Æschines, was only legal in cases where it was conferred on an Athenian by a foreign city. This Demosthenes denies in § 120. But for this honour, and the proclamation implying, as he shows, cosmopolitan and not merely civil services, Demosthenes quotes a precedent in the crowning proposed by Aristonicus on a former occasion. Mr. Holmes shows that the force of the present tense γιγνομένου here implies that Demosthenes is assured of Ctesiphon's acquittal and his own consequent distinction, and that the words καὶ δευτέρου—*γυγνομένου* may be taken to mean "And whereas this proposal of Ctesiphon's that my crown should be proclaimed in the theatre, is not the first honour (of the same exceptional kind) which I have received, but the second." Thus γιγνομένου is strictly, "which is coming off in my honour." Mr. Brandt, a very recent translator to whom we have referred, misses this present force, when he translates—"Well, after a crown had been decreed me by the people, and the proposal of Aristonicus was conveyed in the very syllables of Ctesiphon, and the crown had been proclaimed in the theatre (the second proclamation made in my honour), Æschines, who was present, offered no opposition, and never afterwards indicted the prosecutor." There can be no doubt that τούτου refers to Ctesiphon's proposal.

In several nice points throughout this oration the neatness of Mr. Holmes's scholarly touch is apparent. Thus in the course of Demosthenes's noble vindication of his policy as a statesman (§§ 93-101), he seems to us to do more justice to the sense of the maxim καὶ γὰρ ἀνδρὰ ἰδία καὶ πόλιν κοινὴ πρὸς τὰ κάλλιστα τῶν ὑπαρχόντων αἰεὶ εἶναι πειράσθαι τὰ λοιτὰ πράττειν than Mr. Charles Kennedy. The latter translates "For both individuals and communities should ever strive to model their subsequent actions by their most glorious antecedents." But here ὑπαρχόντων hardly comes out rightly. The parallel passage of Aristotle's *Ethics*, i. 11 seems to fix its true meaning, and our editor rightly interprets the γνῶμη "that individuals and States should make the best of the materials at hand," or "should shape all their

future with reference to the best of their present." A little further on in the same passage comes the fine reflection, *τίς μιν γὰρ ἄρα οὐκ ἐστὶν τοῦ βίου θάνατος, εἰς ἃν οἱ αἰσάντες τὴν αἰὲν κατέλκοντες ἔρχονται*. The translation of one word makes all the difference of force here. Whiston translates *αἰσάντες* a "chamber" or "closet." Brandt turns it into a "cellar." Harpocration's clue to its meaning is the synonym *ὀρθοτοροῦσι*. Availing himself felicitously of this, Mr. Holmes gets all the change out of the foreign coin in his neat rendering, "For all mankind have death as their limit of life, even if one shut himself up and keep himself safe in a dove-cote." The element of timorous self-preservation thus imported into the sense, or educed from it, is very effective. Somewhat below, again, Mr. Brandt has misconceived the words *μηδὲν ὡς ἡδίκησθαι ἐν οἷς ἐπιστρέφεται ὑπολογισμένοι*, referring to the magnanimity of the Athenians in saving Eubœa unselfishly and without inducements. It is quite wide of the mark to translate "forgetting the injuries ye had by a misplaced confidence in their honour sustained," because *ἐν οἷς ἐπιστρέφεται* depends on *ὑπολογισμένοι*, not *ἡδίκησθαι*, and the sense is, "having taken your past wrongs into no calculation as regarding what you were trusted with"; in other words, "you did not take advantage of holding their property to indemnify yourselves for past injuries" (§ 100 q.v.).

Enough perhaps has been said to illustrate the care with which this oration has been annotated; and what applies to clauses and sentences is true of the pains taken to illustrate verbal peculiarities. Thus the unusual use of *ἀπαρᾶν* in the sense of to "divorce," or "drag away from," in § 59, is paralleled by passages from Thucydides and the *Philippics*. The curious use of *θεωρήματα*, which Kennedy renders "dramas," Drake "spectacles," and Whiston gets over by a circumlocution, Mr. Holmes meets by the simple rendering, *ἐν πᾶσι καὶ λόγοις καὶ θεωρήμασι* (§ 68) "in every expression and every contemplation." In § 127 he shows how *περίτριμμα* in the abusive epithet *περίτριμμα ἄγροας* means, in a twofold sense, "something rubbed against and coming in contact with." In Aristoph. *Nubes*, 447, *περίτριμμα δυνῶν* is a compliment. Here it is the opposite, and though Mr. Holmes does not translate it, it might be Englished "the scrub of the forum."

In one or two cases where we have fancied that a note might have been given with advantage, reflection has generally convinced us that the lexicon or grammar ought to supersede its necessity; and, on the whole, it may be said for this edition of the *De Coroni*, and generally speaking for the *De falsa Legatione* of Mr. Heslop, that they are calculated to make Demosthenes easier reading to the University student, and easier translating to the budding advocate.

DIRCKS'S NATURALISTIC POETRY.*

DR. DIRCKS unfortunately labours under what is called a bee in the bonnet. He has discovered a literary mare's-nest. In an evil hour he persuaded himself that he had hit on a totally new line of research, to which he gave the name of "Nature-Study," and about which he wrote a rather elaborate book before he got to work on the present volume. The first book seems to have been hailed with rapture by a host of kindly and estimable prints, of which the *North Wales Chronicle*, the *Fife Herald*, and the *Galway Express* may be taken as typical examples. The *Mining Journal* puts in a very good word for Dr. Dircks; but it frankly admits that this is done "mainly in connexion with the fact of the author's being a civil engineer." Another critic, sweetly innocent of the arts of book-making, says that Dr. Dircks has "been enabled to spread before us a really splendid *mélange* of his acquisitions—we had almost said erudition." It is quite a cruelty to tamper with a nature so confiding as this; we will, however, reluctantly assure the writer that, if he will follow us through the very briefest notice of *Naturalistic Poetry*, he will learn to his surprise that the display of "a splendid *mélange*" (an eminent and comforting word is "*mélange*") may lie within the reach of any dullard who knows how to snip away at other people's literary collections. The *Durham Advertiser*, judging "from the prefatory chapter at least," thinks the book "a very promising one, both to poets and their readers; but especially to those of the former who seek to extend their knowledge of the powers and promptings of the 'Mighty Mother.'"

We are sorry that, after a very careful and very dreary study of the whole of *Naturalistic Poetry*, which is only a sort of applied continuation of the earlier book, we fail entirely to endorse the rhapsodical praises of the provincial press. Dr. Dircks made a hopeless blunder in thinking himself a discoverer; he only surpassed it when he went a step further, and took himself for a critic. Compared with the dulness of *Naturalistic Poetry*, all other dulness is a brightness and a pleasure. By the side of these depressing pages Mr. Timbs's works are exciting, Mr. Tupper's poetry is brilliant and suggestive, the literature of Blue-books is racy and entertaining. We may say truly of the specimens of "sacred song" taken in hand by Dr. Dircks through these pages, that, under his treatment, the noblest stanzas fail to elevate, and the most pathetic have no more power to move us, nor the beautiful to charm. In one word, *nihil tetigit quod non dedecoravit*.

Nature-study, in Dr. Dircks's mind, seems to convey an idea

wider and more pregnant than the mere study of nature. It is often so with pet phrases. You may nurse them up till they come to mean anything or everything. But we must let Dr. Dircks explain himself in his own way. In the field of ornate description, he says, or of allusion, whether in poetry or in oratory, you can have but two divisions, nature and art. To talk of nature as excluding human nature is a mistake which ought to be discarded. Nature is everything that God has made, man being included; and art is to stand for all the works and devices of man with their belongings. Here then comes the great theoretical puzzle in Dr. Dircks's position and allegations. He seems to convey a charge against poets that they have never as yet made out of nature-study one-half of what they ought to have made. Now if you rigorously confine the term nature to mean what is commonly called "external nature," the charge might possibly lie, especially if we were to embrace all poetry, ancient and modern; for the absence of minute observation of natural scenery in Greek and Roman poetry has long been a commonplace. But when once you include humanity under the term nature, one is forced to ask, if poets have not been writing about nature in this wider acceptance all through the ages, what in the world have they been writing about? Nature, so understood, embraces the entire basis of all real poetry, and of the vast majority of poetical compositions, good, bad, and middling. Undeterred, however, by weak misgivings of this kind, Dr. Dircks insists on telling us what has been the progress of nature-study in the "sacred song" writers of the last three centuries. And here, putting his theory out of notice, we must take leave to say that he does not adopt a very high standard of what authorship should be in practice. If he had thought fit to bring together instances from widely different periods and areas of Christendom, showing how far external nature has been appealed to in each; if he had then consulted authorities like the old Hymnals of Sarum, York, and Hereford, or the late Dr. Neale's *Hymni Ecclesie*, or the "Hymns of the Eastern Church," those specimens of a vast literature which also were translated by Dr. Neale; and if he had then compared these with the best modern collections, foreign as well as English, we do not say that a book so constructed would have been a very great gain, but it would at least have been intelligible and worthy in its design.

But what has Dr. Dircks done? He has taken the hymnologists of the last three centuries, who have, even on his own showing, very trivial differences in their modes of treating nature, whether in the wider or the narrower sense, but who have the special advantage of being classed together, ready to hand, in the selected series of the *Book of Praise*. Straight through the *Book of Praise* Dr. Dircks accordingly plods. It is not a particularly fair assumption to start with that these selections are in any degree fair ones by which to test the writers' modes of handling "nature." But let that pass. It is enough to say that, taking Sir Roundell Palmer's collection, and constantly losing sight of his own definition of nature, our naturalistic inquirer simply strings together all the lines he can find in each author that happen to contain such words as "sun," "moon," "wind," "sea," "tree," "river," and so forth. The bulk of the pages thus consists of extracts from the *Book of Praise*. It is a "splendid *mélange* of acquisitions," only they happen to have been collected from the reading of Sir Roundell Palmer, not of Dr. Dircks. The extracts are tacked together by remarks of unspeakable feebleness and insipidity. Richard Baxter's noble couplet—

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before—

is spoiled by a pitiful observation that Baxter and his contemporaries were apt to go out of their way to adopt "objects of sense in everyday life." In other words, to talk about "rooms" is to confine yourself to the region of "art"—a much meaner place, in Dr. Dircks's jargon, than the region of "nature." In Bishop Ken's *Morning Hymn* the couplet—

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear—

is quoted for no conceivable reason except that the word "noontide" occurs, as if that had anything whatever to do with "nature-study."

Again, in talking of Cowper, Dr. Dircks, being hard pressed in his search for examples of the "study," quotes the well-known lines:—

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear:
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:

forgetting that the thoughts are not Cowper's at all, but an adaptation from the prophet Habakkuk. By the side of Cowper it seems natural to mention Newton, and we will introduce the "critical notice" of his "sacred songs," by way of illustrating the style and method of this apostle of "nature-study":—

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

23. It is rather disappointing to find that of seventeen of his hymns, only two afford materials for this essay. The first three have for their subjects: *Christ Incarnate*,—*Crucified*,—and *Ascended*. The fourth, "He, Who on earth as man was known," has the following verses:—

His hands the wheels of Nature guide
With an unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

* *Naturalistic Poetry, selected from Psalms and Hymns of the Last Three Centuries: in Four Essays, Developing the Progress of Nature-Study in connection with Sacred Song.* By Henry Dircks, LL.D., M.R.S.L., &c., &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1872.

In the hymn—"While with ceaseless course the sun," occurs the common simile—

As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:

The remaining fifteen hymns by this poet owe their inspiration, style, and language to other than Nature's outward influences. Not all sacred poets have an eye for Nature; some have that pleasing possession in but a moderate degree, while in a chosen few it is overflowing as the swollen stream; and its seasons are ever-returning Springs and Summers. Indeed why not, so often as opportunity favours, "look through Nature up to Nature's God?"

That Dr. Dircks never had the least conception of what poetry is "in its quiddity," may be inferred from the contempt which he pours on Dr. Newman's fine and perhaps not very well-known simile:—"Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their (the angels') garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven." The man who could begin his silly twaddle about a passage like this with questions such as, "How has he arrived at this guess? How does he even know that angels have garments at all?" deserves to labour under that penal obtuseness of perception which alone could make possible the treatise called *Naturalistic Poetry*. In a similar spirit the author condescends to allow that "Lead, kindly Light," does "afford some few touches of human nature"; and then goes on to quote the lines which contain the phrases "night" and "distant scene" and "garish day"—a miserable instance of a trivial aping of criticism.

Here are his profitable remarks on the author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee":—

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1840.

53. In a hymn on *Patience*, consisting of five verses, of seven lines each, the last of these introduces the following lines, partaking of the negative style in alluding to Nature:—

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

It seems not to have entered the author's mind to inquire whether Sarah Flower Adams ever wrote any other words of "sacred song" than these; the "mélange of acquisitions," in this book at any rate, has never been enlarged by the toil of independent research. We must not pass over one more "gem of suggestive remark," as some of the provincial admirers would call it; it concerns a hymn better known perhaps, and more heartily sung, than almost any Christian composition of modern date, and it is as follows:—

Another hymn commencing:—

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,

declares in the fourth verse—

The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen:

neither in the above nor his three other hymns do we find any further matter for quotation.

There is just one more profound and novel dissertation, on the subject of "sand," which will be generally admitted to deserve reproduction. George Herbert, it must be said, is an object of Dr. Dircks's dislike; he dealt too much with "art," too little with "nature"; he "treats of carpentry, architecture, merchandise, and business generally." The poem called "Providence" is, in particular, "full of conceits," and almost as "paradoxical as the poet himself." Nevertheless, in this poem Herbert has somehow contrived to hit upon a mention of the sea-sand; and this is how Dr. Dircks improves the occasion:—

In the twelfth verse, however, he has made a happy allusion to that very common natural object "sand," which will come home to all who are acquainted with sandy districts, with their hills, mounds, extensive shores, and sand-banks:—

Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers.

As a matter of Natural History our earth presents a very feeble object in sand, moved as it may be by every wind, carried hither and thither by every tempest, and yet in the course of time accumulating until it becomes as complete a barrier to the inroads of the sea as adamant.

If we are asked whether it is worth while to notice such a book as this at all, we reply by pointing to Dr. Dircks's list of admirers in the press, mostly, it is true, belonging to the remote provincial sections of it, but embracing, we regret to say, more than one journal of much higher repute than the "West Loamshire Telegraph." Books of mere twaddle like this, books which cannot by any stretch of conception be admitted as likely to help or benefit a single reader, and which are rescued from the charge of dishonesty only by their utter feebleness, ought to be exposed with more distinctness than it is common to use. As for Dr. Dircks's main point, divested of his obscure and useless treatment, we may add in conclusion, that some comparative examination of the use of external nature in the hymnologies of the Latin and the Eastern Churches might bring out points of real interest. The sixteen volumes of Greek hymnal literature, the gatherings of some eight or nine centuries, still remain, as Dr. Neale said ten years ago, an almost unexplored collection.

EXAMPLES OF MODERN ETCHING.*

CONSIDERING that etching is a restricted art, limited both in its technical means and its pictorial ends, we are sometimes surprised to find of how much diversity it is capable. Here are twelve plates by twelve men, each differing probably as much from the other as the executants differ among themselves in turn of mind or bodily features. Etching, except perhaps in the hands of M. Jacquemart, is scarcely a realistic or illusive art; it is in fact less literal and imitative than either oil or water-colour painting, or the more highly elaborated processes of engraving. And for this very reason it has been said to make its appeal directly and emphatically to the mind. Other arts—photography, for example, if indeed it can be called an art—are brought to the severe test of nature; but etching is so free in its play of fancy and of hand, it glances so rapidly and glides so lightly over the themes it touches, that the work when completed has been defined as not a transcript from nature, but as the "free expression of artistic thought." Free indeed is the needle as it flies swiftly across the copper without opposing impediments; it is expressive too of artistic thought, because the manipulator, not being able in a process comparatively slight and sketchy to produce a facsimile of nature, must from first to last be limited by a fixed and finite idea, must bring the scene before him into subjection to the governing thought, the prevailing effect. Much will have to be left out; many details will have to be little more than indicated; the work is not a transcript, but a treatment; not a servile copy, but a free translation, a bright and transient vision snatched from nature rather than a complete leaf from the book of nature. Indeed the mental and manual process of etching may be compared to the act of extempore speaking. When a man thinks out his subject while on his legs he is often hasty and incomplete, yet there is sometimes a brilliancy even in his blunders; dexterity is shown in the mode of righting himself and getting back to his subject; his sentences are sketchy, yet suggestive; there is a certain spirit, life, and fervour in words which respond to swiftly-generating thoughts. And so it is with the etcher when he fairly gets under way, and enters with enjoyment and ardour into his subject. His utterance passes from slowness into speed, and thence into vehemence; at times he is tender and pathetic, and then again strong and almost coarse; at one moment his hand is strong in will, at the next sensitive in vibration to emotion. And thus the etcher, like the extempore speaker, lays bare his thought and character; the man is written in the work. Hence a peculiar interest in this special art; it is personal, it is human, it is vital. These twelve plates speak, as we have said, of twelve distinct personalities. It is evident at a glance that M. Bracquemond and his fellow-artists severally look at nature with individual and independent vision, and conceive of art variously according to the temper of their respective minds. These works vary in style as much as the written style of literary men. Indeed an etching has such affinity to literary efforts as to be comparable to a sonnet or a compact essay; the thought should be well chosen, the handling strong, facile, precise, lucid; and, above all, each touch and detail should be instinct with intention.

Certain etchers have set themselves to copy pictures. The task presents difficulties, inasmuch as the transcriber or translator must merge himself in the idiosyncrasy of the master before him. How completely it is possible for a man of genius to identify himself with a kindred genius is seen in that powerful plate, the "Laughing Portrait of Rembrandt," by M. Flameng. The original picture is in the painter's latest manner; the pigments evidently are loaded on so thickly as to lie in rugged relief, the surfaces are broken, the colours tertiary, so as to blend with the sombre shadow. All these characteristics have been caught in this masterly etching; we read in this plate the original work, only the thoughts are conveyed in another language, the mode of speech being different in the two arts. It is interesting to observe how a skilful manipulator transposes one method into the other, how he brings the larger art within the limits of the lesser. M. Flameng is an expert; he plays with his needle knowingly; by dexterous use of lines he gains texture and chiaroscuro, and even suggests colour; the modelling of the head is broad and firm, each touch conveys form and character, and the contrast of quality between the flesh, the drapery, and the retiring background proves how great are the resources of the etcher's art in the hands of a master. In short, we give to this plate the highest possible praise when we say that it is not unworthy of Rembrandt himself, the intention evidently being to emulate the manner of the greatest of all etchers. M. Flameng, who has been ranked by some as the first of living practitioners of the art, has passed through an interesting career. Born in Brussels, he entered the Royal School of Engraving in that city, and at the age of sixteen commenced the practice of his profession. But he rebelled against the established routine of the "legitimate line"; he "abominated," to use his own word, the dot and lozenge discipline, and longed for the liberty, the life, and the impetuous speed of the etcher. But the young aspirant was so poor as to make the change of profession perilous. It is related that in 1853, at the age of twenty-two, he and his father went from Brussels to Paris on foot; that etchings were sold, and portraits drawn on the way to pay for food and lodging. In Paris Flameng struggled on in poverty and obscurity, but after

* *Examples of Modern Etching—Proofs.* Twelve Plates by Bracquemond, R. S. Chattock, Edwin Edwards, L. Flameng, F. Seymour Haden, P. G. Hamerton, J. P. Heseltine, M. Lalanne, A. Legros, Samuel Palmer, Rajon, J. Veyrassat. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

a time fortune turned in his favour; he won medals in the salons, became a regular contributor to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and in 1870 obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour. M. Flameng throws himself into the spirit of the great originals he transcribes; he translates faithfully, and does not permit himself the pleasure of paraphrasing freely; yet he takes care to vary his style with the occasion, and thus he has in turn reflected the distinctive manners of Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci, Ingres, Delacroix, and Bida. A want of this power of adaptation has been laid to the charge of Herr Unger, the German who has etched eighteen pictures in the Brunswick Gallery, forty in the Cassel Gallery, and is now at work in the Hague. In like manner we think it must be conceded that in the series before us M. Rajon has failed to identify his art with that magnificent Vandyck in our National Gallery commonly known as the portrait of Gevartius. The plate is unsatisfactory from its shortcoming and inefficiency. The eyes in the original are the most perfect studies of eyes we know anywhere—liquid, clear in outlook, nervously sensitive, softly modelled in contour, with a glazed vitreous lustre which comes in age. In the etching, these subtleties, if not absolutely lost, are but partially indicated. No picture is better known or more frequently copied than this famous portrait. It was therefore particularly perilous that a Frenchman should come among us to report of a work every line whereof we know by heart. We understand that Herr Unger, whom we have already named as the etcher of fifty-eight pictures, works on his plate within the Gallery. This mode resembles sketching direct from nature; the artist catches fire by contact with a master mind; he is not servile as a line engraver, who drudges away heavily with a mere copy before him. Etching, in fact, is a living art; it is not wholly a copy, but in part a creation. Of such originality and truth to nature is the powerful study from the life, "The Aged Spaniard," by M. Legros.

The art of etching direct from nature is likely to be encouraged by the examples before us. Here is a spirited and picturesque plate by Mr. Seymour Haden, executed at one sitting. It would not be easy to gain so artistic an effect in the same time by any other process; and in favour of sketching with the needle it is to be further remembered that, instead of one copy, as in a pencil or water-colour drawing, the sketch upon copper can be multiplied many times. One reason no doubt why this tempting process has not been more widely practised among amateurs and artists is to be found in the attendant difficulties and discouragements. A lead pencil, a piece of chalk, or a box of colours, is more ready to hand than a metal plate, a needle, and an acid bath. Then again, though etching has been called a pretty amusement for amateurs, few but artists can pass the line of mediocrity. An example however to the contrary is here found in a well conceived and delicately drawn composition by Mr. Heseltine, a gentleman who steals leisure for art from the arduous avocations of commerce. Another reason why etching has not made more way in England is that the general public look for high finish, smoothness, and prettiness, and consequently dislike grand negligence, suggestive incompleteness, and passionate waywardness; in short, comparatively few minds are in response to art genius unless at least it keeps in grooves long worn and well approved. There are some strict and true artists, however, such as M. Veyrassat, who, without surrender of art, know how to bring a landscape before the public eye persuasively. "A Horse Ferry on the Seine" has nothing of defiance, angularity, or scratchiness; it is as smooth as a lithograph, it has the tone of a mezzotint, and the sentiment is as peaceful and poetic as a poem by Wordsworth or a picture by Claude. The charm of the style moves to general sympathy. For our own part, however, we prefer to see the line, the individual touch, more pronounced and clearly defined, as in the neatly handled and vignette-like view of "The Thames at Richmond," by M. Lalanne. Among pictures of effect may be commended "The Tower of Vauthot, near Autun," by Mr. Hamerton, and "Ring out Wild Bells to the Wild Sky," by Mr. Chattock. It is not easy thus to get tone and unity out of mere lines, and, wanting these qualities, a work usually lacks intention and impressiveness. Mr. Samuel Palmer is one of the few artists, at least in England, who can make an etching speak as a poem, who can induce lines which in other hands are dead and mute to move with life and vibrate to music. "Sunset" is a fair epitome of this artist's eloquent manner. No one else can suggest in black and white so much colour; Mr. Palmer, in fact, etches as a painter to whom colour is ever present. We have seen plates by him which, though dark with black ink, are golden, glowing, and red-hot as a Rubens landscape. One scene among the series we could have gladly dispensed with—"Lincoln Cathedral," as caricatured by Mr. Edwin Edwards. The subject falls into fragments, the light and shade are hopelessly scattered, and the execution is that of a child—not in its simplicity, but in its infirmity.

The etchings we have now passed under review are proofs from a series, the prints of which are in course of publication in the *Portfolio*. Mr. Hamerton, the editor of that artistic periodical, in choosing his contributors, has been naturally governed by the principles enunciated in his book entitled *Etching and Etchers*. The partiality for the French school, as distinguished from the English, is at once apparent. Mr. Hamerton has designated the two national manners in a few emphatic words; the English is "pretty," the French "powerful"; "the English fails in a girlish feebleness, the French in pretentious impudence." But Mr. Hamerton, having

in these etchings to appeal to a British public, has wisely taken a middle course, and thus escapes the faults of either extreme. The Englishmen on his list are at least above pretentiousness, and of Mr. Haden we are specially told that he "is frankly a pupil of Rembrandt," and "has nothing whatever in common with the English school of etching." In like manner the Frenchmen present do not fall under denunciation. M. Lalanne, for example, instead of being possessed of "pretentious impudence" or "outrageous self-conceit," is described as "a modest and true gentleman," and "the most gentle and tolerant of artists." Accordingly in his handiwork he does not "scrawl furiously" like many of his countrymen, but approaches even to the neatness, cleanness, and precision of our English practitioners. By thus leaving out what is ultra on either side of the Channel, it becomes possible for the artists of the two nations to meet on common ground. Of such friendly relationship the "black and white" exhibition recently held in the Dudley Gallery afforded pleasant proof; there in Piccadilly, as here in this portfolio, native and foreign styles, though somewhat hostile, met face to face in peaceful competition. The public especially are gainers by all such attempts; they have been much under the dominion of colour; it is well that they should learn in how many excellent ways a subject can be thought out in simple light and shade.

TO THE BITTER END.*

NO one can deny Miss Braddon's power; nor can the most churlish critic refuse her the credit due to her evident endeavour to master some of her early faults, and to acquire a more natural and healthy tone of mind. But with all this she has not done what we believe she might have done. If her later work is not so coarsely sensational as her earlier, it is not so complete, so artistic, so well studied as she might have made it with greater care. All her books wear the appearance of having been written against time, and are weakened as well as disfigured by padding. *To the Bitter End*, indeed, is quite audacious in the amount of padding with which it makes up the requisite number of pages; but its interest suffers in proportion, and Miss Braddon would have done better had she shortened her matter by one half, concentrating the attention of her readers in the same proportion. The principal mistake, however, of the book seems to us to be in the character and conduct of Hubert Walgrave. It is a mistake which we should not have expected from Miss Braddon, who has the air of knowing men better than do most lady writers, and from whom one does not look for the ordinary range of feminine failings.

This Hubert Walgrave is a barrister of five-and-thirty; therefore no longer in his first youth; a cool, determined, ambitious man, engaged to a lady whom he admires sufficiently if he does not love her, and alliance with whom is to make his fortune. There is nothing weak or vacillating about him. He has made his account with life, knows exactly what he wants, and has considered the price he has to pay, with a calm resolve to fulfil his bond. From a man of this kind one would naturally expect self-conscious and self-restrained action. He is not of the dreamy poetical sort that drifts, heedless of all but the æsthetic enjoyment of the moment; nor of the weakly ardent kind that lets itself be swept away in a torrent of passion, without a thought of the inevitable end. He is a cynical, long-headed, practical man of the world, with an object in life, and a firm will set on its attainment; therefore one not likely to be turned aside for any smaller pleasure or tenderer motive. To such a man women are necessarily one of two things only—playthings or stepping-stones; creatures to love for pleasure, or to marry for convenience; but in neither case creatures for whom the main object of life is to be sacrificed. Love is with him simply an interlude, and marriage an affair of money or ambition as it may be. Such a man as Hubert Walgrave, engaged to such a woman as Augusta Vallory, would not have suffered himself to love Grace Redmayne as he did. If at all, it would have been with a love confessedly selfish from the beginning. He would either have seduced her at first, or have put all thought of her away from him. He would not have philandered, nor yet have played with fire. He was no boy to fall unconsciously into a state of overpowering passion, and his motto was not "all for love and the world well lost." All throughout he is at loose ends with himself; and one scarcely knows how to take his successive transformations. From an ambitious cynic, willingly prepared to marry a handsome woman whom he does not even pretend to love, solely because she is rich and can help him forward, he becomes the plaintive and poetic lover of a farmer's daughter, courting danger while conquering it for the moment, and giving the best of his heart and nature without questioning the result. Then he suddenly develops into a heartless seducer, to go back again to the poetic lover whose life is one long inward sigh of regret. In all this we see nothing stronger or more masculine than a schoolgirl's notion of a hero of romance. Love is the overmastering sickness of the soul with Miss Braddon, as with the youngest and least experienced Juliet who dabbles in ink and sentiment. We do not catch a trace of that more mature knowledge of men and minds which she must have gained in her progress through life, and by which she must have learnt that a strong man can and does conquer an inappropriate love as he conquers other inadmissible instincts and passions, and that ambition in an ambitious man is more potent than passion.

* *To the Bitter End*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

Hubert Walgrave acts unwisely in other things, and plays his cards surprisingly ill throughout. He is a lawyer, accustomed to forecast chances and events, yet he indulges in the schoolboy puerility of sending Grace a costly locket that would be damning evidence if found. Also he revisits the scene of his former passion and treachery, which he ought not to have done, whatever the pressure put on him. After all that had happened he must have known his danger. Worst suspected him of having allured the girl away; so must they all if they had perceptions or reasoning faculties of any degree. His likeness to his half-brother, Sir Francis Clevedon, was damning on another count; and if he did not want his wife to know the true story of his birth, he would scarcely have set her on the track. Altogether, for a man with a purpose in his life, and power to carry it out cleanly and clearly, he is about the weakest brother we know of; and Miss Braddon's admirable first design in the character is lost in her uncertain exposition of it by action. Nor, sweet as Grace is, do we think her sufficiently attractive to compel so strong a soul as Hubert's from its appointed course. A farmer's daughter of superficial education, and weak if guileless nature, was scarcely the kind of woman to have so entirely fascinated a man who had other objects than love for which to live. Tradition and education are second nature with us all; and a rising barrister whose future held such possibilities as Hubert's would have surely needed something more than natural poetry and innocence in the woman who could beguile him from his reasonable self.

Neither do we think the murder as artistically managed as it might have been. The lines on which it is built are confused, and though the thing "comes out" all right, the preliminaries are too uncertain and perplexed. In Redmayne's mistake between Sir Francis Clevedon and Hubert nothing is gained but a momentary fear that the wrong man is to be sacrificed, and hence we have a sense of muddle not conducive to the strength of the story. It takes away from the singleness of purpose and directness of aim which should have animated Redmayne, and makes the very fulfilment of his intention a mistake. The conduct of Hubert, again, to the rustic coquette who was the proximate cause of the catastrophe, is scarcely natural. The proud husband of a proud woman might have shown a certain amount of attention of the supercilious sort to the tenants' wives and daughters at his friend's rustic fête, but he would not have gone to the length of flinging himself at the feet of a gardener's daughter, nor would he have walked with her alone in lover-like attitude in the moonlight. He was not the man to have adopted a tone so questionable, even for the paltry pleasure of cutting out Weston Vallory; and his wife was not the woman to have allowed it. Altogether the complication is inartistic, and the weight given to mistake, leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind. Weston really flirts with Jane Bond, but Hubert seems to do so; it is Joseph Flood the groom who means to shoot either Weston for tampering with his sweetheart, or Miss Bond herself, or perhaps Hubert for that mænad waltz in the summer moonlight—his intention is not quite clear—but it is Dick Redmayne who takes the young man's gun and shoots Hubert, thinking him to be Sir Francis, for seducing his daughter. This is hitting the bull's eye while aiming at the white, getting to the right place by a wrong road; and the method is a bad one. Beside this, the fête itself is intensely wearisome and spun out beyond all reason. It occupies nearly ninety pages from first to last, and an action that meanders through that amount of space before reaching its culmination must necessarily have parted with a good deal of vitality before the last word is said.

Of the character of Augusta Vallory we have not much to say. Cold, worldly, selfish, and self-sustained, we think we have seen something like her before, and that Mr. Trollope is mainly answerable for her existence. Yet here again comes in that curious love of confusion which seems to have possessed Miss Braddon's mind during the progress of *To the Bitter End*. Hard as iron, cold as ice, unsympathetic, and unemotional, Augusta Vallory is yet drawn as sincerely and even passionately attached to Hubert. The reason why is rather difficult to discover; unless indeed it is as Miss Braddon hints, that women love best the men who love them least, and that the most certain way in which to secure an heiress is to snub her disdainfully, and make her believe you do not want her. In the scene between her and her husband, when Hubert confesses that he is the half-brother of Sir Francis, perhaps illegitimate, if also perhaps legitimate, we think the balance of selfishness lies pretty evenly between them. Hubert is revolted because she thinks only of her own shame, her own conventional degradation in being his wife; but what else could he expect? He married her for her money, not only not loving her, but loving some one else, and she married him from love, and the not ignoble pride a woman has in the fame and success of a rising man. Had he found her penniless, he would have openly rued his bargain; she, finding him under the conventional stain of illegitimacy, openly rues hers; and we think that Hubert's sentimental annoyance shows a weaker mind and a more selfish nature than perhaps Miss Braddon intended to portray.

On the whole, clever as the book is, it does the author injustice, because it has been spun out too lengthily and written too fast. It is woolly in treatment, and, though often graceful and poetical, we look in vain for those crisp, incisive touches which make the charm of good novel-writing. Still we recognize in it a better aim, a higher principle, a purer purpose than any which animated Miss Braddon's early work; and if her hand has lost some of the vigour of old days, it has gained in mellowness and tenderness. We have questioned the merits of this book on grounds which at

least imply our conviction of the author's capacity; but, to come to smaller matters, we would call her attention to one or two little slips and inaccuracies which are too puerile for her art; as, for instance, that the age of a curate of the English Church is set down at twenty-two, and that wild roses, honeysuckle, and fox-glove are said to be blooming in rich luxuriance at the same time. And may we ask the meaning of a "cool, clooping noise," and the authority for this curious addition to the English language?

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE unpublished remains of a man of letters have rarely proved so rich as in the case of Franz Grillparzer*, for half a century the chief representative of dramatic poetry in Austria. Respecting the quality of the greater part of this welcome and wholly unanticipated legacy we must indeed speak as yet by faith, it not being at present before us. The announcement, however, of three complete tragedies and a circumstantial autobiography is calculated to beget lively expectations, which are confirmed by the explicit warrant of so experienced and discriminating a critic as Heinrich Laube, who has undertaken the task of bringing them before the world. The dramas comprise one founded on the romantic legend of Libussa, the mythical Bohemian heroine; another from the history of the House of Hapsburg; and a third on a Spanish subject presenting some affinity to the story of Inez de Castro, but affording greater scope for psychological analysis. Awaiting the publication of these and of the autobiography, we have Grillparzer's acted dramas, for the most part hitherto practically inaccessible, and a volume of unpublished lyrical poems, which, though more remarkable for nervous force than for imaginative elevation, tends to fortify his poetical character on what has been erroneously considered its least satisfactory side. All readers of Mr. Carlyle's Essays will remember the irresistibly ludicrous character of Grillparzer as a poetical weakling, in his review of the "Modern German Playwrights." This now appears to be as remarkable an illustration of Mr. Carlyle's talent for caricature as his portrait of Frederick the Great's father, or his "American Iliad in a Nutshell." It is not justified even by the pieces he then had before him, for although the light of poetry in those dramas is often fluctuating and generally lambent—a flame rather than a fire—it is pure and bright, and kindled at no foreign hearth. Were even the author's powers much feebler than is the case, it would be impossible to refuse him the respect due to classical finish, thorough culture, and ideal loftiness of aim. If not a Goethe or a Schiller, he is as a dramatist fairly entitled to rank with Landor or Sir Henry Taylor. It is, however, in the minor and occasional pieces that the personal character of the man comes most fully to light, and by them chiefly is the injustice of Mr. Carlyle's portrait rendered apparent. The puling, effeminate minstrel is revealed as a man of sturdy independence and decided convictions, austere, exacting, pugnacious, and excelling above all things in that energy and pregnant concision of style in which German poetry is generally so deficient. The pieces nearly all relate to the events of the author's time, or to literary matters. Pre-eminent among the former are the noble stanzas on the fall of Warsaw, and those at the grave of Joseph II. The latter division embraces a number of excellent epigrams, much rarer phenomena in Germany than odes or elegies. The keynote of the whole collection is one of disappointment, but the dignified discontent of a lofty ambition, free from the taint of mortified vanity. This feeling is explained and justified by Herr Laube's interesting memoir, which exhibits Grillparzer in the pathetic and, if rightly estimated, tragic character of genius contending against the paralysing influence of a stupid and arbitrary despotism. A Liberal of the old school, an adherent to the reforming traditions of Joseph II. under the uncongenial sway of Metternich, he came into constant collision with authority, and found little sympathy in the democratic camp. He could write nothing without exciting the susceptibilities of those in power; his plays were delayed for years by the censorship, and suppressed by hints from headquarters after a brief career; while his nationality excluded him from the literary guilds and coteries of Germany, and operated to his disadvantage on every stage but that of Vienna. It is no wonder that he should have retired in disgust, and kept the very existence of his last productions all but an absolute secret. We trust to have soon an opportunity of noticing these, as well as the autobiography. For the present we conclude with two specimens of the epigrams—one on Gustav Pfizer's parallel between Uhland and Rückert:—

How like they are, he proves with mickle pain,
No nice distinctions will he note, or see 'em;
And truly they are like as eagles twain,
One in the clouds, and one in the Museum.

The other was addressed to a veteran official who had exhorted him to submissiveness to superiors as a means of rising in the world:—

Thou thyself art a luminous proof
That thy precept is solid and sage:
Had'st thou not been a lamb in thy youth,
Thou had'st ne'er been a sheep in thine age.

The principal aim of A. Thurnwald's essay on Walther von der

* Grillparzer's sämmtliche Werke. Bde. 1-5. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

Vogelweide * as a political poet is to exhibit him as the Ghibelline laureate, and, in virtue of his severe denunciations of ecclesiastical abuses, a precursor of the Reformation. The subject is highly interesting, and the treatment fully worthy of it. Herr Thurnwald has had the good sense to render Walther's strophes into modern German.

We are indebted to Professor E. Herrmann, of Marburg, for the publication of a most interesting memoir respecting the reforms of Peter the Great †, drawn up thirteen years after the Czar's decease by the Prussian diplomatic agent, J. G. Vockerodt. The envoy's thorough information, sound discernment, and unpretending good sense have enabled him to sketch a masterly portrait of the great Czar, whose noble qualities he is fully competent to appreciate, while by no means dissembling his fits of brutality and injustice, and of fantastic, almost insane, caprice. On the whole, the accuracy of the accredited view of Peter's character is amply confirmed. The memoir takes the form of a *catalogue raisonné* of the Emperor's reforms, digested under the heads of religion, government, army, commerce, public works, colonies, and education. These incidentally comprise a number of the most curious and interesting particulars. Some chapters on the Russian national character are subjoined, and here again Vockerodt proves himself an acute and dispassionate observer. His style is quaint, pithy, and most amusingly interlarded with Gallicisms. A brief report from an Austrian agent, Otto Pleyer, dated in 1710, is of comparatively slight interest.

Dr. von Bezold's ‡ historical sketch of the Hussite wars comes down to the close of the year 1423. It appears to be grounded on a very careful investigation of contemporary sources of information, both German and Bohemian. The point on which the writer seems chiefly to insist is that the triumphant resistance of the Hussites was not so much due to their own heroism as to the unwieldiness and dissensions of their opponents; which, when the disparity of forces is taken into consideration, seems probable enough.

No body of men connected with the momentous political transactions of the last few years have played so poor a part as the German Republicans. The annexation which may have seemed righteous from Prince Bismarck's point of view cannot have appeared so from theirs. For years they had proclaimed the fraternity and federation of peoples, the sacredness of the popular will, the iniquity of all government without the consent of the governed. An opportunity for conquest presented itself, and these fine principles proved too feeble to resist the temptation of a strip of territory and a couple of fortresses. In stultifying their past they have done their best to destroy their future. No responsibility for the virtual extinction of his party can be attributed to Dr. J. Jacoby §, whose very moderate expression of dissent from the policy of annexation was visited during the war with an utterly illegal incarceration at the behest of a military officer. The veteran tribune of the people has now afforded his countrymen the means of appreciating his consistency by a republication of all his political pamphlets and speeches. Their extreme radicalism transgresses the limits of sobriety and discretion, but their manliness and integrity will be held in honour wherever such qualities command esteem. Though not polished in style, they are energetic, practical, and well calculated to impress the great body of hearers and readers. The collection includes two pieces of historical importance, the celebrated "Four Questions, with Answers by an East Prussian" (1841), which formed the occasion of a memorable State trial; and the speech on the annexations already referred to.

Professor Gneist's last contribution to the cause of administrative reform in Germany || is an expansion of an address delivered by him before the members of the German Parliament belonging to the legal profession. He insists particularly on the need of purifying the German system from regulations derived from foreign sources, and, while preserving the continuity of its development as far as possible, reconstituting it in a manner adapted to the needs of the present time. He appears to consider that the original principles of Teutonic law have attained their most complete development in England, and most of his practical suggestions seem to imply a certain approximation to the English model.

The name of Alois Anton ¶ has been frequently mentioned in connexion with the Old Catholic movement in Austria. We do not know how far he is recognized by the more cautious leaders of the party; if he has any place in its ranks, it can only be upon the extreme left. The views proclaimed with the fervour of passionate conviction in his tract on the corruptions of Christianity

go far beyond resistance to a new dogma, for they involve the abolition, or at least the reconstruction, of all the old ones. His style is highly rhetorical, and his method the reverse of argumentative.

As an offset to the perversion of so many Old Catholics, Bishop Räss * of Strasburg completes his voluminous record of the principal conversions from Protestantism to the close of the eighteenth century. The incredulity of the age of Voltaire, however, interferes sadly with the dignity of the worthy ecclesiastic's peroration; the sole value of his last batch of converts consisting in their scarceness. He is actually obliged to eke out his muster with a Miss * * *, and has not a single proselyte worth mentioning, except Winckelmann, whose conversion is usually supposed to have been rather due to the virtues of classical than of Catholic relics.

Wolfgang Ratichius†, a German pædagogus of the early part of the seventeenth century, has acquired considerable repute as an educational reformer. He was engaged by the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen to reorganize education in his principality, but accomplished little, owing, as has been assumed, to the opposition of interested parties. Herr G. Krause, however, has discovered a mass of documents in the Cöthen archives which seems to have led him to the conclusion that Ratichius was not much better than a charlatan. He prints the papers without comment, confiding them to the unbiased judgment of competent persons. Most people, we should imagine, would rather take his word on the subject than wade through a hundred and fifty pages of crabbed and antiquated German for the pleasure of proving him in the wrong.

Herr T. A. Verkrügen's visit to Norway ‡ was undertaken in the interests of science, being, in fact, a dredging expedition. After, however, the traveller has once fairly started, and provided himself to his satisfaction with a name (*Schabe*) for an implement apparently unknown to his countrymen, we hear little more about the machine or its uses, but are treated to a lively account of his experiences of Norwegian men and things, which he seems to have found as agreeable as tourists usually do.

Dr. Willkomm's travels in Livonia and Courland § were also undertaken with a practical end in view, to which the writer adheres more closely than Herr Verkrügen. His object was to investigate the agricultural capabilities of these districts, on which point he has collected much valuable information, while picturesquely depicting the dunes, fir-woods, and morasses which constitute the larger portion and most characteristic features of the scenery.

An important and interesting work on the industrial condition of Russia ||, by F. Matthäi, is based upon reports of the St. Petersburg Exhibition of 1870, furnished by the author to a local journal. It is to occupy two volumes. The one at present published does not comprise the account of the iron manufacture—a topic of leading interest to foreigners. The chief branch of industry described is the cotton trade, an artificial growth nurtured into prosperity by a system of protection. This renders it at present highly lucrative, and the author's plan does not lead him to examine whether the gains of individual manufacturers and operatives are a sufficient compensation for the enhancement of prices to the community at large. He seems to entertain some suspicion that this may not be the case, and hints that the manufacturing interest will in any case do well to prepare for a probable application of free-trade principles. At the same time he appears confident of their ability to withstand competition. The principal difficulty to be encountered by Russian manufacturing enterprise is the scarcity of fuel. The country is mainly dependent upon England for coal, and the forests of the Northern provinces already show signs of exhaustion. Efforts, as in Ireland, are being made to apply the inexhaustible stores of peat to manufacturing purposes, but they do not appear to have been hitherto attended with much success. Among numerous interesting particulars enumerated is the extent to which Indian cotton, brought by the Suez Canal, is now competing with the produce of Russian Turkestan, encouraged as the latter is for political as well as commercial reasons. Silk, tallow, salt, and other less important industries are described at considerable length, and the volume altogether merits much praise as a repository of valuable information.

The drift of Dr. A. Dulk's ¶ not very precise or coherent treatise on the vestiges of brute nature in man appears to be to trace the gradual development of instinct into reason. Many of the illustrations cited in support of the author's argument are interesting; but the argument itself is vague and inconclusive.

* *Dichter, Kaiser, und Papst. Walther von der Vogelweide als politischer Dichter.* Von A. Thurnwald. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Russland unter Peter dem Grossen.* Nach den handschriftlichen Berichten J. G. Vockerodt's und O. Pleyer's. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *König Sigmund und die Reichskriege gegen die Husiten.* Von Dr. F. von Bezold. München: Ackermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Gesammelte Schriften und Reden.* Von Dr. Johann Jacoby. 2 The. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

|| *Der Rechtsstaat.* Von Rudolf Gneist. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Das gefälschte Christenthum und die Welt.* Von Alois Anton. Pest: Heckenast. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Convertiten seit der Reformation.* Von Dr. Andreas Räss. Bd. 10. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Wolfgang Ratichius, oder Rathe im Lichte seiner und der Zeitgenossen Briefe.* Von G. Krause. Leipzig: Dyk. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Norwegen, seine Fjorde und Naturwunder.* Von T. A. Verkrügen. Cassel: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Streifzüge durch die Baltischen Provinzen.* Von Dr. Moritz Willkomm. Bd. 1. Dorpat: Gläser. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Industrie Russlands, in ihrer bisheriger Entwicklung und in ihrem gegenwärtigen Zustande, &c.* Von F. Matthäi. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Thier oder Mensch? Ein Wort über Wesen und Bestimmung der Menschheit.* Von Dr. A. Dulk. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

The work of Dr. Hann, von Hochstetter, and Pokorny* is a neat and comprehensive digest of physical geography, including geology.

Dr. Credner† puts forth as the specific distinctions of his "Elements of Geology" his consistent representation of the earth as a vital organism undergoing a continuous process of development, and his care to guard against the opposite conception of it as a dead mass mechanically operated upon *ab extra*. In addition to this, he seems to have devoted especial attention to mineralogy and other branches of the science not ordinarily prominent in similar works, to which his might accordingly serve as a useful supplement.

The third volume of Förster's "History of Italian Art"‡ is distinguished by all the eminent merits of its predecessors. The period treated is principally the history of the Florentine and the Siennese schools during the middle of the fifteenth century.

The great subject of the invention of writing is treated with abundant learning, and not a little originality, by Heinrich Wuttke.§ Possibly the author's originality goes too far; his divergence from established views is at all events sufficient, as he himself anticipates, to subject him to the imputation of paradox. He has the courage to ridicule the employment of accents better understood by modern Germans than by ancient Greeks; he stands by Seyffarth in hieroglyphical matters, and questions the received pronunciation of Hebrew. His own theory of the origin of writing leads us back to tattooing. It is singular, under this hypothesis, that the tattooing nations should have made hardly any advance towards writing, and that the writing races should never have been tattooed. Wuttke indeed quotes as an illustration of the practice a passage from Leviticus, which however seems only to refer to the universal custom of gashing the person as a token of mourning. Alphabetical writing will form the subject of the second volume, when the relations of Phœnician and Sanskrit characters, the pre- or post-Homeric origin of writing in Greece, and the other problems to which such lively interest has been imparted by the recent discovery of the Moabite Stone, will receive ample consideration. The fullest section of the present volume is that devoted to Chinese writing and printing. Not only, it seems, were the Chinese centuries ahead of the West in the art of stereotype printing, but moveable types were invented and employed about 1050 by a smith named Pischeng, who framed them of clay, and used a form corresponding to that now in use. From clay types to metal types would not seem a very wide step; in fact, however, Pischeng's invention was less adapted than stereotype to the complicated Chinese character, and was not persevered with after his death. In discussing the question suggested by the extreme minuteness of some of the Assyrian arrow-headed characters, Wuttke seems unaware that a magnifying lens of crystal has actually been found among the ruins of Nineveh.

Two separate reprints from a recent complete edition of Goethe's works edited by Strehlke, Von Loeper, and Düntzer||, deserve a warm recommendation on the grounds of cheapness, convenience of form, clearness of type, and the conciseness and pertinence of the annotations. Others in a similar style are to follow.

* *Allgemeine Erdkunde*. Von Dr. J. Hann, Dr. F. von Hochstetter und Dr. A. Pokorny. Prag: Tempsky. London: Nutt.

† *Elemente der Geologie*. Von Dr. H. Credner. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Geschichte der Italienischen Kunst*. Von Ernst Förster. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Geschichte der Schrift und des Schriftthums*. Von Heinrich Wuttke. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Asher & Co.

|| *West-östlicher Divan. Reineke Fuchs*. Berlin: Hempel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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